

The Saturday Review

Is Saving a Mistake?

See page 990

The Saturday Review

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Notes of the Week

AT the close of the year the shadows again fall heavily on Europe. Last week we were able to write almost confidently; this week we can express no more than hope that economic sanity rather than dire need will guide France in her counsels with the Allies at the forthcoming Conference in Paris. In Lausanne, as we write, the issue hangs undecided; but there again we have grounds for hope that Turkey will yield to the firm and decisive terms in which Lord Curzon has summed up his many conciliations. The truth is plain. If the Turk thinks that France and England stand together, he will give way; if he does not think so, he will not give way. And the alternative . . . ?

THE PRIME MINISTER'S TASK.

When Mr. Bonar Law goes to Paris he enters upon the first really great difficulty of the many that his Government must encounter. He has to contend with an attitude of mind on the part of the French with which we have great sympathy, but which does not rest on economic fact. That attitude, with regard to Reparations, is expressed, not in the question, "What money is available for paying Reparations?" but "What amount do we need?" The same attitude is apparent in regard to unemployment at home, where Labour attacks the problem, not by finding what is possible, but by stating what is required. If M. Poincaré (backed as we believe he undoubtedly is by both Chambers) insists on separate action and occupies the Ruhr, the inevitable result, when the French people see the franc tumbling after the mark, will be the fall of the Government. And then what? We must not look too far, but give all the moral support we can to the Prime Minister in his policy of facing calmly and steadily each problem as it arises, and neither fearing it nor underestimating its gravity.

"SERIOUS TROUBLE IN EUROPE"

Perhaps the most important part of the Prime Minister's speech at Glasgow last Saturday was contained in two lines near its close. He expressed his confidence in a real revival of trade—"unless," he said, "there is serious trouble in Europe, and I am very much afraid of it—the position is very serious." We scarcely think Mr. Bonar Law was referring to the Lausanne Conference, but that he had in his mind the Reparations and Debts Conference which is to meet in Paris on Tuesday. We should like to believe that the Paris Conference will be able to agree to a settlement, but frankly we doubt it. France is now sure of Mr. Law's good will, that is, of England's good will, towards her; otherwise the situation is unchanged; and this is why Mr. Law is afraid of serious trouble in Europe. If anything, the situation has been worsened by the declaration, at the instance of France, of a majority of the Reparations Commission that Germany has made "default" in her deliveries of timber, though, the value of the timber not delivered is under £100,000. The amount involved is comparatively trifling, but France probably sees in this matter some tactical advantage. Coming on the eve of the Conference, this action seems to us likely to prejudice whatever chance there may have been of a settlement.

A CHECK AT LAUSANNE

Last week we were able to write hopefully about Lausanne; but there has been a set-back, and the Turkish delegates seem to be in danger of forgetting that they come to conference with the Allies, not as victors, but as the vanquished. After accepting various arrangements "in principle" or otherwise, they have brought them up again for review. Thus the question of Mosul, which had been withdrawn, was posed once more for discussion by Ismet Pasha—with the result that he has been told by Lord Curzon, in the most uncompromising terms, that in no circumstances will Britain consent to reopen it. Apart from this, so many concessions have been made to the Turks by the Allies that it is difficult to believe that Ismet Pasha does not thoroughly understand the value of the advantages he has obtained through the Conference, and is in reality well satisfied. But he has to satisfy the wild men of Angora, and this task is not made easier for him by his being surrounded with spies who send damaging reports of his conduct of the negotiations to the National Assembly, which is in perpetual session. The Conference, however, cannot be protracted much longer, and the time surely has come for a firm stand by the Allies, America, and the Balkan bloc, who are all acting together. They should now table an agreed programme—and inform the Turks that it is final.

THE FRUITS OF WASHINGTON

Extravagant laudation of the Washington Conference was so general in our newspapers that it was difficult to specify one as more excessive in its praise than

C Next week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW will contain an article by Sir Edward Mackay Edgar entitled '1923', and a "Saturday Story" by John Galsworthy entitled 'The Smile.'

another, but among those which hoped all things and believed all things was certainly the *Sunday Times*. In recent Notes and leading articles we said that this country was beginning to understand that England and the Empire did not gain but lost by the conference, and we now observe that the *Sunday Times*, in an editorial in its last issue, is coming round to this view. It said: "It is lamentable, but it is the fact, that its (the conference's) main achievement *may prove to have been* the crippling of British sea-power without any corresponding reduction in the naval strength of other countries." If for the words which we have put in italics there are substituted the words *has proved to be*, the facts of the case, as they actually are, are properly stated. Of course these facts may still be modified to some extent, and we are bound to note in this connexion that on Friday of last week, M. Poincaré, who had hitherto been opposed to the ratification of the treaties, declared himself in favour of their immediate ratification. Well, we shall see.

COMMUNISM WITH ITS COAT OFF

We congratulate the *Morning Post* upon the stroke of luck by which it has been enabled to expose the new scheme for the reorganization of the Communist Party in Great Britain. In the secret report which this paper now divulges, the organizers of Communism in this country—who take their orders (and, we think, their pay) from Moscow—admit a certain failure to make headway during the past two years and recommend as a result a thorough reorganization of their methods, whereby a stranglehold may "patiently and cautiously" be obtained over the Labour Party and every kind of social activity in the country. The report exemplifies in no uncertain manner the persistence, ingenuity and thoroughness which the Communists bring to their task of subverting society, and we hope it may have some effect in dispelling the lethargy of those forces that have most to lose by their activities. The *Times* has also published this week a survey of the political situation on the Clyde. Here again the assiduity of the forces of Socialism, as revealed in its report, should be a warning to those who stand for Conservatism and stability.

ART AND REPARATIONS

The decision of the Reparations Commission respecting the famous art collections of Vienna is of very general interest. Czechoslovakia had put in a claim, as heir, so to speak, of the Austrian Empire, for the transference to Prague of a series of paintings by the great masters and a number of historical objects of value. Their removal from Vienna would of course have greatly lessened the importance of her galleries and museums. It was not on that account, however, but on strictly legal grounds, that the Commission's committee of legal experts, which included Mr. J. Fischer Williams, K.C., rejected the plea of Czechoslovakia. After hearing evidence on both sides, the experts found that the treasures in question had been the personal property of the Hapsburg sovereigns, not of Austria or of any of the Austrian States. So Vienna is to retain the pictures—for the present at all events. The judgment of the experts is similar to that which gave to Vienna, and not to Belgium, who had put in a claim, the treasure of the Golden Fleece. Some day a Hapsburg may come forward to dispute both decisions.

INDIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT

The President of the Indian National Conference, Mr. R. C. Das, is a little less vague than most of his predecessors. His programme, it would appear, is to wreck the new Councils from within and to initiate the development of genuine Swaraj in autonomy for small areas. Total abstention from the Council elections clearly will not work; obstruction from within is workable, and presumably Mr. Das does not mind if it deprives Indian politicians indulging in it of all British

sympathy. His constructive advice is shrewder, but comes a generation too late. The ancient village *panchayat* system was, well within living memory, a very effective if rough form of self-government, and many distinguished authorities have believed that it could have been developed over wider unitary areas. We doubt it. It seems to us its success depended on the issues and personal factors being within what might be called the common knowledge of the family, and that it could not have been expanded. At any rate, with all the opportunities afforded by the decline of the centralized native governments in the eighteenth century, it nowhere showed the smallest disposition to expand. But the matter need hardly be argued out. Construction is secondary in the Indian Nationalist programme to destruction and obstruction. The Montagu-Chelmsford experiment in India is so far largely a failure; Mr. Das and his friends wish to make its failure complete. Should they succeed, it would be impossible either to leave the next move to them or to revert to the *status quo ante* after the total loss of prestige involved. It is time we seriously thought of an alternative policy.

FIRMNESS IN IRELAND

The strong hand in Ireland is producing good results, though in the South there are as yet few signs of peace. In Ulster the authorities refused to relax the curfew regulations in order to allow Roman Catholics to attend a midnight Mass in Armagh Cathedral on Christmas Eve. Cardinal Logue expressed his intention of holding the Mass, come what might; but he thought better of his project at the eleventh hour, and the congregation never assembled. In Southern Ireland the state of lawlessness may be gauged by the news reaching this country of rebels hiding under an altar in Cork, of shootings in Dublin, and of train wreckings in various districts. The Free State Government have exhibited a belated effort at firmness by their execution of rebels and by their expressed intention to establish block-houses along the railways of the country to prevent train wrecking and to shoot trespassers "on sight." This is all to the good if it is not too late. The difficulty of co-operation between North and South is further emphasized by the obvious inability of the Ulster Government to allow the Free State to apply its railway nationalization scheme to those parts of its lines operating in Ulster. A general strike is now threatened.

THE USE OF INDEMNITIES

Better late than never comes the official announcement that the part of the Boxer indemnity that is still payable to Britain is to be utilized for purposes mutually beneficial to the Chinese and the British. The sum involved is about half a million sterling annually, spread over some twenty-two years—not a small amount in these very hard times. But there is no doubt of the wisdom of the concession to China. The money will be spent mainly on the education of Chinese students in English, and in British standards and methods, with a view to helping China directly and our own trade indirectly. In this matter Britain is following the example set by America—as long ago as 1908. After paying all just claims for damages America found she had a large surplus from the indemnity, and this she has in effect returned, and is still returning, to China, to be expended on higher education, partly in colleges in China under American control, and partly on Chinese students in American colleges. China has gained much by this arrangement, but America probably a great deal more.

MORE SOVIET IMPERIALISM

So far we have abstained from commenting on the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference recently held at Moscow, between the Soviet Government on the one side and the New Baltic States and Poland on the

other, as we were uncertain regarding what had actually taken place. Information that has now come into our hands discloses the fact that it is extremely doubtful whether the Soviet Government, under whose auspices the conference took place, had any intentions other than that of discovering the military strength and plans of the northern and central border States. It could not have believed that its views on disarmament with respect to Russia and these States would be accepted by these States. For, while these views scaled down all their respective forces considerably, the forces of Russia still remained so preponderant that the other States were practically at her mercy. Naturally these States would not consent to such an arrangement, and the conference failed. Especially did Estonia and Latvia object, because Russia would have had them and their ports virtually under her control—and practically under her control whenever she determined to exercise it. This Disarmament Conference was in fact merely another move in that Imperialist game the Soviet Government is now playing both in Europe and Asia.

WHY PRIVATE?

We regret to see a statement in the Press to the effect that the proceedings of the Departmental Committee, formed by the Minister of Agriculture to inquire into the marketing of produce, including the costs of carriage, are to be held in private. We believe that this inquiry is not only of vital importance to our agricultural industry if the real facts are elucidated, but it is far more likely to get at them if the proceedings of the Committee are open to the public. We would ask, indeed, what is supposed to be gained by holding these meetings in private? We understand that the Committee will begin its sittings early next month—there is need of expedition in this matter, for everything that can be done to help the farmers should be done as soon as possible. The National Consumers' Union has been invited to give evidence before the Committee, and as the Union has many ramifications, this is a good thing. But why cover up its evidence? The farmer certainly will not want anything to be concealed, nor will the consumer. The inquiry is really directed against the railways and the middlemen, and we can see no reason why they should be protected. Let us have the full light of day on this whole business.

EGYPTIAN TREASURES

Further investigation of the treasures in Tutankh-Amen's tomb at Luxor only confirms the measure of their importance. It is nothing less than intolerable, therefore, that the Egyptian Government should persist in its extravagant claims to the whole of the discoveries. Such treasures belong not to one nation or another but to the whole civilized world, and the inevitable result of this monopolizing policy, if insisted upon, will be to cause British and American archaeologists, who spend vast sums of money in their pursuit of knowledge, to cease their investigations and leave the remaining treasures to perish undiscovered. Already the Cairo Museum is so overstocked that, it is said, the authorities sell its contents to tourists. If the claim is persisted in some bargain must speedily be made whereby the contents of Tutankh-Amen's tomb—and other store-houses of history—shall be equitably distributed among the nations. Selfishness in this matter of common heritage cannot be tolerated.

THE LIBERTY OF THE ARTIST

We do not suppose that Mr. James Joyce is likely to receive a knighthood as a New Year honour, or to publish an exercise in serious pornography ampler than 'Ulysses' in 1923; but should these things come to pass, we believe no authority in England would be so silly as to demand the striking off of his spurs. Yet in France, where, according to our insular superstition

there is more liberty for the artist, M. Victor Margueritte has been called upon by the Council of the Legion of Honour to justify his book, 'La Garçonne,' or to yield up the distinction conferred on him. Once admit that by accepting an honour a writer undertakes never in any subsequent book to offend the proprieties as understood by miscellaneous fellow-holders of that honour, and no genuine artist will stoop to such slavery. Either the State must take its risk in dealing with beings so incalculable as artists, or it must resolve to refrain from conferring honours on any writer till that is rendered quite safe by his having fallen victim to aphasia, permanent writers' cramp or other maladies inimical to production. An honour should be recognition of work done; it cannot carry obligations as to future work. Conduct is quite another matter, for which the artist must answer not as such, but simply as a citizen. The criminal and the traitor rightly forfeit honours bestowed on them by their country in the days of their good repute.

A PLEA FOR VARIETY

The old jibe against England as a country of ninety-nine religions and only one sauce is not rendered pointless, though some who are in communication with us on gastronomic subjects seem to think so, by the fact that on certain tables this Christmas the turkey appeared with cranberry sauce. We plead for greater variety in domestic cookery, and suggest that housewives, with no desire or leisure to undertake cuisine in general, should at least learn to make sauces. It is an art, within certain limits, not too difficult for the amateur, and its practice is amusing as well as philanthropic. Instead of relying alternately on a sort of diluted bread-poultice and on the bottled preparation made "according to the recipe of a nobleman of the county," let the housewife, and the host, consider the delightful possibilities of cherry sauce, of Cumberland sauce, and of Juniper sauce with venison; let them inquire of us what adjunct and treatment makes a *râble* of hare, a dish never found on the table at home, worthy of any epicure's attention; let them consider the uses of paprika, the Hungarian pepper, and learn how it is that with some boiling cream it transforms the ordinary dish of kidneys into a rich delicacy; let them generally inquire into sauces, condiments, garnishes. A letter addressed to The Gastronomic Critic of the SATURDAY REVIEW will promptly bring each inquirer the formula required.

THE MONOPOLY OF SYMPATHY

EVER since the days of Queen Elizabeth monopolies have been unpopular in England. We must look to other countries for corners in wheat, or copper, or cotton. But monopolies in spheres other than commercial may be equally dangerous and contrary to public policy. We are all familiar with the intellectual arrogance of arbiters of taste, or fashion, or manners. Boys entering schools or regiments learn quickly enough what things are *not done* there. Mr. Scott, when ordered by Lord Palmerston to build the new Government offices in "the Italian manner," probably thought the Prime Minister a barbarian. But to the modern spirit perhaps the most intolerable form of monopoly is in the sphere of ethics. That increasing class of persons who call themselves social reformers claim a monopoly, not only of knowledge and insight into the conditions of the poor, but of sympathy with them. Lady Astor made this claim the other day before the National Unionist Association, but not very successfully. The claim is too egotistical to be paraded before workers in the same cause. But if it fails as a flag it succeeds as a weapon, and it is often used with deadly effect by the Labour Party. The Labour member claims that he alone has seen and endured poverty. With Burke, if he know Latin, he cries *nitor in adver-*

sum. He has graduated in adversity and agitation; and learnt political economy not in the schools, but in the factory. Mr. Kirkwood, M.P., an ex-shop steward, in recording his impressions of the last session, said: "There is no chance at Westminster of making converts." But if Mr. Kirkwood cannot convert Parliament, perhaps one day Parliament will convert Mr. Kirkwood. That is always the subtle and insidious danger that threatens the monopolist. Very soon the Labour M.P. learns that he is no monopolist of knowledge or even of sympathy. But he is usually careful that this information does not filter through to his constituents.

A modern novelist has portrayed a party of undergraduates entertaining a Socialist orator, who, after describing the housing conditions in a great city, asks dramatically what human conditions can be worse than these? A don, who is unfortunately present, replies: "Six men at sea on a raft, after three days with no water." The question in fact was an idle one except for rhetorical effect. But the answer shows that it is no good calling attention to the ills of society unless you have a remedy; and that however bad things may be they can nearly always be worse. The social reformer too often forgets to prove that his remedy is not only a change, but that it is an improvement. Most social panaceas would quite obviously only make things worse, as they have in Russia. But it is still true, as was said in the age of commercial monopolies by the judicious Hooker: "He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers." As successive reform bills add to the size of that audience, the desire to attract its attention grows stronger than the desire to utter political truth; till at length the precepts of good government appear old-fashioned, inadequate and unsympathetic. The consequence is that Parliament is asked for remedies that do not lie within its pharmacopeia; and the remedies that are at hand are too often neglected. The problem is oversimplified by assuming, as did so many Labour members in the last session, that its solution is only prevented by the lack of sympathy of the well-to-do. It is calculated, indeed, that something like sixty per cent. of the population is receiving some kind of public assistance. Yet the sentimentalists can only suggest the placing of ever-fresh burdens on the remaining forty per cent. It is obvious in what direction this policy is leading.

We feel that the time has come when a stand should be made against these "enthusiasts without capacity" whom La Rochefoucault called "the really dangerous people." In our present circumstances the charge of lack of sympathy must fail. What has been lacking in recent years is the application of sound principles of government. The exposition of these principles is neither original nor picturesque. As Stevenson says: "All the great truths are commonplaces." But there is a danger that amid so much showy and false doctrine they may become entirely neglected. It was a great event when the Prime Minister restated them at the General Election; a greater when they were reaffirmed by the electorate. But the greatest of all would be to see their application. That is a very difficult task; but the longer it is postponed the more difficult it will become. Every year the body politic is becoming more debauched by eleemosynary drugs. It is therefore with satisfaction that we observe practical people putting forward alternative proposals. One proposal is to set up a Royal Commission similar to that of 1834 to inquire into public relief and to empower it to act. That is an heroic remedy which we hope will ultimately be adopted. Meanwhile useful suggestions have quite recently come from other quarters. Four members of Parliament have called attention to the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act of 1899, amended by the Housing Act of 1919. The intention of these Acts was to enable persons to acquire the ownership of small houses in

which they reside or intend to reside. This legislation has been almost entirely neglected, and in calling attention to it these members suggest that it might be amended "so as to empower local authorities to promise advances on houses not yet built." Ten days ago the Federation of British Industries forwarded an important memorandum to the Prime Minister indicating useful ways in which the Government can assist in the restoration of prosperity. They are all of a severely practical character, and are a welcome contrast to the exuberant sentimentality of "advanced thinkers" in the last session of Parliament. It is to be hoped that the memorandum will be carefully studied and not relegated to a pigeon-hole. The memorandum recommends the abandonment by the Government of all remaining forms of competition with private traders; the abolition of the Corporation profits tax; the reduction of income tax; the application of those parts of the Geddes report that the late Government neglected; important economies in education; and the setting up of a small expert commission to secure satisfactory commercial treaties with as many countries as possible before their tariffs have "had time to crystallize." These and their other recommendations indicate a practicable programme which, if carried out, should go far to restore industry and employment. But those who call themselves social reformers and the friends of the poor prefer more theatrical measures. Nothing pleases them that does not cost a great deal of money. They like high taxes as long as they don't pay them. They do not believe in the accumulation of capital. Their love of the poor is not so great as their hatred of the rich. Their sympathy is lost in antipathy. Behind them are clear-eyed persons who know full well that the path to ruin is paved with sentimentality, but who hope to snatch—like a Trotsky or a Catiline—their own petty advantage from the general bankruptcy.

THE REFERENDUM AS A SAFEGUARD

OF all the questions which the new Parliament will have to consider when it meets for general business next year, the most urgent is the problem of how best to safeguard the nation against the dangers involved in the Parliament Act. Even the authors of that Act admitted its defects. It left us with a lopsided constitution, and Mr. Asquith, who must bear the main responsibility for this purely partisan piece of legislation, declared in a phrase often quoted that the connected question of the Reform of the House of Lords brooked no delay. That was more than ten years ago, and though during the war masses of legislation on other matters were hurried through Parliament, nothing was then or has since been done to re-establish the principle of Second Chamber government. As matters stand, the country is at the mercy of any chance majority in the House of Commons. So far as financial measures are concerned the veto of the House of Lords is limited to one month. Consequently a Labour Ministry could even in one session of Parliament force into operation so disastrous a measure as the proposed levy on capital, which still remains the most prominent feature of their programme. As regards other legislation, the Parliament Act of 1911 provides that if a measure has passed through the House of Commons in three successive sessions its rejection by the House of Lords shall not prevent that measure becoming an Act of Parliament, provided that a period of two years has elapsed between the second reading of the Bill in the first session and its third reading in the third session. That is to say, within a period of two years the House of Commons could pass any measure it chose, including measures for abolishing the Throne and the House of Lords, for altering the franchise, for nationalizing mines or railways or any other industries, and so on indefinitely. When it is remembered that at the recent General Election the Labour Party obtained over four million votes at

against about five-and-a-half million for the Conservatives, and that a good many of the Wee Free Liberals are distinctly inclined towards a Labour policy, it will be realized that the dangers indicated are by no means remote.

Therefore we suggest that a clear duty of Mr. Bonar Law's ministry next session is to introduce a measure which will safeguard the nation against the dangers involved in the Parliament Act. The most obvious course would be to repeal that Act, but a good many people would rightly argue that this alone would not be fair play; for the majority in the House of Lords is strongly Conservative in character, and therefore merely to restore the veto of the present Second Chamber would be to confer a specific advantage upon the Conservative Party. On the other hand, the problem of reforming the House of Lords, so as to make its authority more generally accepted, is not an easy one. All sort of schemes have been suggested and discussed and it is certain that there will have to be much more discussion before any definite scheme can be evolved. Meanwhile the danger continues. But the danger can be met by a device which other countries have adopted, and which to a certain limited extent is embodied in our own English practice, namely, the institution of the referendum. So far as England is concerned the referendum appears only to have been used in matters of local government. On various occasions municipal questions have been submitted to a poll of the electors before being finally adopted by the municipal council. In America, on the other hand, the referendum is a regular part of the constitution of most of the States composing the Union, although it is not part of the constitution of the Federal Government. It was established in Massachusetts as far back as 1780, and that date by itself suggests that the conception was essentially English in origin. Subsequently other States adopted this institution and extended its operation, so that it now applies in most States to any legislative measure.

In Switzerland, which is usually regarded as the home of the referendum, the germ of the institution dates back to very early times, but it was not until 1830 that certain cantons formally established the popular veto. In 1848 it was introduced into the federal constitution for limited purposes, and in 1874 it became a general institution. Under the Federal Act passed in that year 30,000 citizens are able at any time to demand that federal laws shall be submitted to the people for adoption or rejection. Since that date the referendum has been constantly used in Switzerland, and its results have almost invariably been on the side of caution and in favour of local liberties against bureaucratic and centralizing legislation. In addition to this power of vetoing Bills which have passed through the legislature, the Swiss electors also possess the power to instruct the legislature to give effect to definite proposals. This is called the "initiative." For example, in 1894 the Socialists in Switzerland put forward a proposal that every Swiss citizen should be guaranteed the right to sufficiently-paid labour. On a popular vote this demand for the "right to work" was negatived by 308,289 votes to 75,880. The other day there was in Switzerland a popular poll on another Socialist measure, namely, the proposed levy on capital. This had already been rejected by both branches of the legislature, but the Swiss Socialists appealed for a popular vote to reverse that decision. As everyone now knows, they have experienced an overwhelming defeat.

In our own country there is no need for the "initiative," nor for any right to appeal against a negative decision of the legislature. What England needs is some means of appealing against the passage into law of a measure forced through a single chamber by a purely party vote. That can and ought to be at once provided. In order to secure fair play for all parties it is necessary that the right of appeal to a popular vote should be available both against revolutionary legislation, and also against what the Radicals and Socialists

might call "reactionary" measures, though in many cases what they call reaction is only a return to common sense. In any case it is desirable that nothing should be done by the present ministry to create the impression that it is using its temporary power solely for party ends. All that is necessary is—first, that in cases of a dispute between the two Houses the Upper House should have a right to demand a referendum; and secondly that, where the two Houses are agreed, a substantial minority in the House of Commons should have the same right.

The great advantage of the referendum is that it gives the elector an opportunity of expressing an opinion upon particular proposals. He does not enjoy that opportunity in a General Election. He has before him two or more candidates, each with a varied programme, each appealing on personal grounds or local grounds, quite apart from any legislative projects. When the Parliament is elected these persons, the chosen of the people, are themselves subject to all kinds of influences. Measures which nobody greatly wants are agreed to as a matter of compromise between two or more groups, each wanting something else. Often legislation is forced through for no other motive than to satisfy the vanity of particular politicians. Therefore, merely for the sake of justice to the electorate, they should be given an opportunity of pronouncing a final judgment when any important and highly contentious measure has passed through Parliament. The mere fact of the poll would make a large number of electors seriously give their minds to the particular problems submitted to them, and in the absence of personal and local issues there would be a reasonable probability of a sound judgment. At any rate the nation would have time to think.

It only remains to add that these arguments gained the assent of many of the most prominent leaders of the Unionist Party during the crisis of 1910 and 1911, but their efforts to secure the referendum were defeated by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who realized that its establishment would be fatal to his ambition to impose on the country a policy of Tariff Reform.

ON THE USE OF TIME

HOWEVER fascinating may be the inquiries of philosophers into the nature of the phenomenon of time, every individual feels a far more vital interest in his own allowance of days, which, even to the least reflective, must frequently be a subject of calculation or retrospect as his years come and pass. Probably quite early in life we discovered the complexity of the problem: there were puzzling disparities in the comparison of one period with another; the school term just completed was surely much longer than the previous one; our sixteenth year appeared, perhaps, of but half the duration of our fourteenth; the period of our residence in a new locality greatly preponderates over an equal period in the preceding spot. But neither the oft-demonstrated fallacy of such reckonings, nor the tag of *ars longa*, serves to shake for a moment youth's confidence in planning an alluring and triumphant progress along the limitless vista of the years lying ahead. Now and again our castle-building receives a check, upon encountering yet another birthday anniversary, when we may suddenly feel absurdly old, as Milton felt, while yet in the twenties. Within a few days, however, we become accustomed to the novel fact of having entered upon another of our years, and resume the light-hearted advance upon a path which indubitably yields increasing richness of experience and enjoyment. While fully bent upon making the most of each day as it comes, we nevertheless do not shirk the fact of life's finiteness, against which we set up a reserve of expectation of certain results to be achieved by certain ages—at thirty, greatly increased facilities for "having a good time"; at forty, substantial success in our profession; at fifty, or at least while not yet old, the steady sown-

ings of all those active years will have yielded such harvests as to make thoroughly secure against reverse or hardship the remainder of our days.

Upon actually reaching the various ages of our schedule, we only too probably experience some shocks and disappointments. That is perhaps a fortunate provision of nature, whereby a man will attribute his tardiness of success to anything but his own deficiencies—and certainly it is only through experience that we learn how largely distinction in any career must depend upon command of opportunity. Nor need any panic assail us upon realizing that we have passed the halfway milestone, for the first part of the journey counts for training rather than for achievement; and those who always believe that the new year will greatly outvalue its predecessor are on the way to justifying their faith. No doubt forty is, as a rule, too late for entirely fresh departures; but so long as we are then making good headway in the chosen direction, optimism is allowable.

An intelligent fortune-teller might predict with some accuracy a man's future prospects, from his confession of how often it was his habit to look back upon his past life. Aimless retrospect seldom besets the enterprising; but admittedly there come increasingly frequent reminders that we have travelled a good way since we were twenty. The middle-aged may excusably feel a slight envy of the physical prowess of their growing sons; they may have to confess, too, that their imaginative world shows no such rosy colours as of yore. But if a man of robust mind—say on the occasion of revisiting a scene of his youth—makes a fair, all-round comparison of his present days with those of his immaturity, he should find good ground for rejoicing in the strength and fullness of his present real life. One thought pretty sure to occur is that his possessions will outlast him. During many strenuous years, the greater portion of his energies has been devoted to the acquisition of those substantial things forming the amenities of his present mode of life—house and land, a library, many tons of furniture, innumerable pictures and curios. To provide for descendants is no unworthy object; but so far as himself is concerned, a thinking man may decide to set his face against further accumulation, even judiciously to discard somewhat, to reduce his responsibilities and simplify his manner of living. For he makes the gratifying discovery that while building up his environment, he has built up himself—a vital and highly-organized existence which needs far less support from without than formerly, and indeed is often at its best when away from familiar associations.

Among ambitious men in general, the intellectual worker especially feels that to work is to live; and his conviction is accompanied by a quality of enthusiasm scarcely within the reach of the fortune-makers of commerce. Surveying his future, how ardently he may sometimes desire a day longer than twenty-four hours, or that he could halve his allowance of sleep without detriment. Thus contemplating the limitation of time, a poet exclaimed :

I must be up and doing—ay, each minute.

Such anxiety, however, is apt to disturb the serenity which, as Mr. A. C. Benson once reminded us, is so precious, to literary workers especially. To the true artist, idleness may bear rich fruit; the time-tabled industry of Southey may advantage the scholar, but such stern and protracted application is seldom possible or advisable in any creative work. Apart from any call for such self-conscious spurring, the latter part of a thinking person's life should naturally be of a quality far richer and finer than the first half; for his mind has grown to its full capacity; he perceives the inexhaustibleness of resources, and his skill in drawing upon them is immeasurably increased.

That the requisite energy will continue to be forthcoming need not be doubted by those who have dis-

covered that its supply depends not so much upon one's own quantum of vitality, as on powers

Firm to their mark, not spent on other things—

a precept of such obvious commonsense that it is perpetually surprising how many persons cannot or will not grasp it, and allow their days to lie too largely at the command of those multifarious, mostly small, concerns which may happen to present themselves to their attention. It is for you to decide when, if ever, to listen to *si jeunesse etc.* The root of trouble, it might plausibly be held, is that experience so disconcertingly reveals ever more and more of the difficulties besetting any path of accomplishment, that at length even the most determined may find their confidence somewhat undermined. That it is possible, however, to remain undismayed despite all obstacles and the advance of years, has been and continues to be abundantly proven.

Whether or not ambitious to achieve, most people arrive at a definition of what constitutes, for them, a satisfactory day; and they are apt to become impatient if any particular day falls far short of this standard. The repetition, many thousands of times, of the necessary and commonplace incidents of normal existence may become, to those restricted by their circumstances, so thoroughly monotonous as to drive some to ill-considered antidotes which are no remedy. Fortunately, however, most of us are not thus resourceless; sooner or later we discover the available and proper outlet for a worthy enthusiasm—the pursuit of an art or science, self-forgetful work for others, some accomplishment of skill which brings its joy whenever practised; then, however insistent continues to be the "long littleness of life," we make daily some way along our path of enjoyment.

Occupation, occupation! That is the unfailing charmer of the way, the solver of insoluble problems, the flouter of dull computations of hours on a dial or years in a horoscope. Yet let not the industrious-on-principle persuade us that we shall make the most of a day by seizing every moment; pace must be suited to circumstances, and rest must have its due, possibly a greater share than we relish. In desultory hours we may be assailed by the disturbing sense that life consists mainly in waiting. This is generally an illusion of fatigue; but in as far as featureless intervals must intrude into the active enterprise of living, it is a great advantage to be able to wait with a good grace.

A BUNCH OF GRAPES

1822

By D. S. MACCOLL

IN the Arran of my infancy people lived to a great age and had a corresponding standard. They would refer you to "the young girl"; you turned and beheld a grey-locked witch. And there was a tale of a really "old" man. A visitor, in search of him, found what he took to be the Methuselah dozing in the sun at his cottage door. When a question had penetrated through the relics of his hearing to the ruins of his mind the ancient muttered, "It'll be the old man you want to see" and pointed indoors. There crouched over the peats his father, an ancient of days: but he too, stirred with extremer difficulty to consciousness, pointed inwards, "ben the house." And there indeed was Eld, bed-ridden but wide-awake.

I connect with that image a glimpse of the ultimate Gladstone, in days when rumour had it he was dead, but that the Party, for its own purposes, carried his mummy about to meetings, and made it ventriloquently speak. He was collapsed upon himself in an open carriage; ashes; yet with a smouldering eye. And

beside him was an older man, his son the Rector. He was there officially as youth, to tend and support his legendary sire; but you felt it hard that he must be bright and alert, who was entitled to the immunities of age, but for that patriarch and the unpredictable resurrections of his genius.

So with a less celebrated person, subject of grand-familial piety in Mr. Bradley's memoir, Archdeacon Philpot,* who was a familiar figure of my boyhood. He too had a clerical son, Vicar of Bognor, author of 'A Pocketful of Pebbles,' who seemed to a younger generation elderly enough. With touching devotion he essayed to guide and guard that inveterate youth of eighty odd, and must often have been anxious and weary at his task. The Archdeacon stretched back into the deeps of time, and was convinced, not, it appeared, unreasonably, that he would live for ever, for he held the tenets of the "Pre-millennialists." The Lord, by their reading of Scripture, was very shortly to come, and our venerable friend had a frequent and singularly impressive saying, which his biographers have forgotten: "I believe that I shall be spared the dishonour of the grave." Religion counted in that belief, but also, surely, the sap of life that rose in him, like a miracle, to the end. One heard of him falling from the tops of 'buses and being little the worse. His favourite pastime was to saw fire-wood for the household, and one foggy day when that household, alarmed by his absence, sent a maid to search for him, her doleful "Where can the Master be?" was answered by a voice as from heaven, "I am here, Delia." He was perched, invisible, upon a tree, cutting off its branches. Some exact balance of mind and body, neither too powerful for the other, conspired with a good conscience and regular active life to keep him alive and pleased. Only his son's death discouraged him from going on.

His beliefs had early set and were never troubled. A youth spent in raffish surroundings had left him unaffected, and the sportsman-farmer-parson, always "good," became ardently evangelical. He was strict and liberal at once in the "Low" Church fashion, and thought no harm of serving as "elder" in a Presbyterian sacrament. Transplanted from Suffolk he won by a courage and kindness which make a fine story to be Archdeacon of the mythical-sounding diocese of Sodor and Man.

When I first knew the Archdeacon he had declined upon Putney Hill, a delightful veteran with a secretly twinkling eye and a "poor old head" for which he quite needlessly apologized. Youth is disdainful of history, and neglects its chances, but now that I am, I will say older, it thrills me to think that I have spoken with a man who was a schoolboy of fifteen in the year of Trafalgar, and rode with gold to support a tottering bank when the farmers were ready horsed for flight from the Suffolk coast in fear of invasion.

That, and many other vivid bits of a past age, Mr. Bradley gives us, along with some excellent stories, but he leaves out the tale to which the Archdeacon, in my recollection, was most attached, and I beseech him to burrow further in his grandfather's papers and certify this little waif of tradition. He does tell how Mr. Philpot on a kind of extended honeymoon with the second wife who was to be mother of fourteen children had arranged, by favour of the King's doctor, to join the Royal squadron off Southwold when George IV was on his way to Edinburgh in 1822; and how, missing it in a fog, he posted all the way to the North. But the climax of the adventure was that our young friend was a spectator of the banquet in Parliament House, that he saw the King send a bunch of grapes "to the author of Waverley," and that this was the

first public intimation and half-admission of the authorship.†

Now there were two other memorizers of those remarkable celebrations, one the official, the other an unofficial painter. It was the first visit of a Hanoverian monarch to Scotland: King George, from the depth of disfavour in England, had visited Ireland with applause, and was to dare the North. The Cardinal York and the last hopes of the Jacobites had passed away, and Sir Walter Scott took the ramping lion by the ears and surprisingly stage-managed the affair as a *Highland* welcome. Lockhart, the lowlander, grumbles, but admits the splendid efficiency and success of the poet's control over jealousies and maddening details of arrangement. There were few untoward incidents. The poet Crabbe, it is true, having intended a visit to Abbotsford, wandered in upon the stage at Edinburgh, and was found addressing civilities to kilted warriors in what was meant to be French. And Baillie Curtis eclipsed the King as a *Highland* chief, being taller, fatter and more preposterous. But on the whole illusion held, and Mr. Philpot, loyally impressed, says that the King's "portly figure, looming against the dark misty sky, seemed to assume gigantic proportions."

It was characteristic of Wilkie that he considered the epic moment for his painting to be the King's dropping what we used to call his "collection" into "the plate" as he left St. Giles's. But the plate, alas, with its bawbees had been whisked away by some fastidious official and the King's choice was to appear not in his tamer Sunday clothes but in the majesty of *Highland* garb, kilt and plaid and sporran, with "some kind of flesh-coloured pantaloons" as a concession to the weakness of soft Southern and abundant flesh. At the gates of Holyrood he was to stand, centre of *Highland* chieftains. So Wilkie conceived him, in a gracious and not too flagrant pose. But when the sketch was submitted and the King was asked how he stood,

"Stood," said his Majesty, "not as I stand there, but thus":—and he set his foot forward, threw his body back, put on a martial and swashbuckling outside, and said "There!"

Yet another fly was in the ointment for Wilkie. He had gone with Collins to see the King land,

And, to our great surprise, who should start up upon the occasion to see the same occurrence but J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., P.P.!!! who is now with us, we cannot tell how.

Wilkie belonged to the Sir George Beaumont faction who did not like Turner,§ and here Turner was, uninvited, with the intention, says Cunningham,

of casting "a cloud of glory" over the scene; but he received no encouragement, for there were men about his Majesty who had little sympathy with the supernatural splendour of his colour and desired none of his "glamour."

But Turner, all the same, did fill two sketch-books and cover two unencouraged canvases, which were rolled up in the dust till 1910, when they issued from the vaults of the National Gallery (Nos. 2857, 2858). The first gives the scene in St. Giles's, the second the Banquet. And from the gorgeous swarming figures may be puzzled out Sir Walter at the head of a table and a waiter giving him a bunch of grapes. Thus is visibly confirmed the incident that Benjamin Philpot remembered a hundred years ago.††

*Lockhart assigns something like this incident to Scott's first dinner with the Prince Regent in 1815, but afterwards denies it, on the authority of Scott, and doubtfully transfers it to Dalkeith, where the King stayed in 1822. Scott's unequivocal admission of authorship was at a theatrical dinner in Edinburgh, 1827.

§We learn from Farington's diary that even so early as 1807, the year of the superb 'Sun Rising Through Vapour,' West thought Turner had greatly fallen off and "run wild with conceit."

††I feared that my recollection of the picture might be a dream; but Mr. Caw, Director of the Scottish National Gallery, where the picture is on loan, reports that I am right.

* Our Centenarian Grandfather, 1790-1890. By A. G. Bradley. With a preface by Margaret L. Woods and contributions by Lady Birchenough and Mrs. Robert Noel. John Bale, Sons & Danielson. 1922. 12s. 6d. net.

'TREASURE ISLAND'

By JAMES AGATE

'TREASURE ISLAND,' at the Strand Theatre, is on the whole a better adaptation than one would have thought possible. Unfortunately not even the device of a prologue showing Jim Hawkins in the act of recital can reproduce the strain in the narrator's mind which is the essence of the story. Jim's emotion is the pivot of the book; in the play the plot centres in whosoever happens to be on the stage at the moment, and we guess its hero to be that figure upon which the curtain finally descends. Mr. Fagan obviously inclines to Silver, since he shows us at the last this best of scoundrels meditating a career of belated respectability on the lines of Dickens's Mr. Littimer. But that won't do. What about that battered negress of Silver's? No chapel-going community would have accepted her. Stevenson knew what he was about when he left the sea-cook at large. Great rivers of mischief must end in the open sea and not straggle to miserable ends in sandy, domestic deltas.

Mr. Fagan, of course, had his principal actor to consider; perhaps Mr. Bourchier didn't quite "see" scuttling over the side and leaving Jim on the deck of the *Hispaniola* to take the final curtain with Doctor and Squire. Yet this was just the opportunity which your great actor would have seized. To vanish and leave some tremendous memory behind—that was worth doing. Perhaps Mr. Bourchier mistrusted his power of bequest; and it must be confessed that Long John was the least convincing of the buccaneers. Perhaps we have seen this actor portray his brusque, complacent, agreeable self a little too often for us to find him otherwise. He should have remembered that Silver may smile, and smile, but that he is at heart a villain. Mr. Bourchier looming, physically, larger than the others, it was disconcerting to find him, in the way of horror, among the smaller fry. Tom Watkins (Mr. Randolph McLeod) showed more passion in the two minutes of his murder and Pew and Israel Hands (both Mr. Reginald Bach) more power in their single scenes than Silver in the whole of his exploits. The Black Dog and Ben Gunn of Mr. Charles Groves were both portraits of great beauty. There was a power of rhythm here, which made you want to jump up in your seat and cry, "Yes, if I were an actor I should do it like that!" Mr. Groves probably did this consciously, Master Frederick Peisley unconsciously. It was a pleasure to watch this small boy listen and drink in what is said to him down to his very heels. When he was being tried by the mutineers, the muscles in his face quivered; when the rope was round his neck he was really afraid of being hanged. Diderot or no Diderot, it is good for a youngster to feel his part. I should like to put Master Peisley to nurse to a repertory company for three years, in which he should play all sorts of parts, including old men of ninety. And when he is not acting, his ear should be listening to good English. The critics are always complaining of the dearth of acting talent. I believe that in this boy and in Miss Ann Trevor, the little actress I mentioned last week, there is the raw material.

A Woman's Causerie

AS THE YEARS GO ON

WISE people never pass the age of twenty-five. To do so is to cumber themselves with unnecessary dullness and depression. If Time, with a curious want of chivalry, insists on putting lines on our faces and lead on our toes, we must, with the easy carelessness of twenty-five, ignore his bad manners. Then as likely as not our polite smiles will drive away his furrows, and our determined energy be as wings to our feet.

Birthdays are easily forgotten. We can grow a year older without being conscious of an added weight, but, from the power of the midnight that parts the old year from the new, it is difficult to escape. We must be truly insensible if we can sleep away the last moments of the year, and even if we may do this we are, in our first waking moments, reminded by everything around us that another year is dead. It is then, as though a clock were striking seemingly endless hours, that we are forced to count the birthdays we had, before, obstinately ignored; then that we are aware that time passes and everything must change.

* * *

Are we ever quite honest with ourselves about the days that are slipping away, or are we all inclined to believe that it is always the person, ten years older than ourselves, who must be trembling at the brink of old age? A girl of twenty thinks that a woman of thirty should be either very useful, or in a convent; and thirty hopes, with a growing doubt that age does not bring wisdom, that forty will not be led into passionate action unsuited to her fast declining years. We all shuffle off the horrid thought of our own age (even a girl of twenty has been known to believe that the best of her life lay behind her) by a somewhat false sympathy with those who must, perchance, acknowledge a few more summers than the winters we are obliged to count. Indeed, we are never, any of us, and quite apart from any wise decision to stop at twenty-five, calmly and simply the age on our birth-certificate, for when after eighty, we begin again to boast of the number of candles on our birthday cake, we are apt to add on those years that, before, we had equally shamelessly deducted.

* * *

Yet an old tree, an old house, and an old woman, how dear these can be to us. Every sign of age makes them even more precious, for much that we have of hope is twisted round the roots and branches of a tree, and no old house can leave us unmoved, when we think of all those who have passed their lives within its walls. And an old woman! The marks that life has stamped upon her face, and on her fragile body, the happiness, the suffering, the cruel uncertainty of day-to-day existence, what greater beauty than this truth can be shown us? Villon took the heart of an old woman as if he had snatched at a handful of good earth, and he tortured it into something too inhuman for our very human pity. But when another poet, and our own—Walter de la Mare—writes of a woman, also old and ugly, he makes her ugliness and her age as a passing incident, and the beauty she had the one real fact of her life. Her past beauty and, also, her present indifference "Past repining, past care." This must be the truth, for if all old women who had been greatly loved felt as acutely the loss of their honey-sweet flesh as the old prostitute in Villon's poem, there would be thousands more suicides every day of the year.

* * *

Life, a great artist, has let no thought, no action pass without recording it, or in the eyes, or on the flesh; and we, artists also, must stand before his work in admiration and in wonder. That he takes a child's soft limbs and rounded cheeks and, in time, turns them into something less beautiful, often hideous and deformed, should mean nothing more to us than the changes in a kaleidoscope. Every change has its own value and, if we could only see it, its own loveliness as well. What we see depends on ourselves, and on the vision beyond that which is reflected on our eyes. We have not been afraid of youth, that painful and difficult time—those who would live it over again have never been passionately young—and we must not be afraid of age. For who has the right to declare that the miraculous changes will ever stop, or that a year will die that cannot be born again in the new. The Year is dead. Long live the Year.

Yoi

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS OF AESTHETICISM



QUIZ

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, NO. 27

PROFESSOR ROGER FRY

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression. Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

TEN YEARS HENCE IN AMERICA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I ask for a little of your space in which to reply to the comments made by Mr. Hartley Withers in your recent issue on an interview I gave to a representative of the Press Association shortly after I returned from the United States?

In that interview I tried to give an accurate picture of the terrific consumption-power of the American people in regard to cotton, oil, and the non-ferrous metals. I foretold an approaching and progressing stringency in the supply of these essential commodities, as the result of which American progress and prosperity would inevitably be retarded, and might collapse. With this prospect before us, I urged that we in Britain ought to sit tight on such basic raw materials as are already in our possession and should lose no chance of exploiting their development throughout the non-American world.

Mr. Withers talks of my "putting on the robe of Cassandra." But Mr. Withers, I am sure, will remember that the trouble with Cassandra was not that she prophesied wrong, but that nobody believed her. And no doubt the very first to scoff at her were the professional and professorial economists who—it must have been just the same in Troy as it is in London today—rarely see the world as it is and always try to run life and realities into the mould of their pet theories.

I certainly am not conscious of being in any way false to my habitual "sturdy optimism," in pointing out the greatness of the opportunity that lies before us and the ways and means of grasping it. Mr. Withers writes as though a process of exhaustion or depletion which is only likely to declare itself definitely in ten years' time, was not worth bothering about. But surely the future is to the people who look ahead, not to those who live industrially from day to day and leave the morrow to take care of itself.

Mr. Withers also thinks that America's present blind rush to extract and consume the natural resources of the soil "may be greatly modified by a decrease in American prodigality and possible developments in her production." I am bound to say I see little chance of either alternative coming to pass. Americans will economize when they have to, and not before, and the limit on their powers of production has been pretty rigidly fixed by nature.

I am the more inclined to back my own opinion as to the American future against Mr. Withers's after reading his astonishing remark that "even America will hardly place a tariff on raw materials." Is Mr. Withers really as unaware as he seems, that America already taxes raw materials? She taxes timber, dairy produce, pig iron, steel and non-ferrous metals and wheat. And in the future it is quite on the cards that she may so alter the law as to permit the imposition of an export duty on the foodstuffs, oil, copper, lead and zinc, which the world hitherto has been accustomed to receive from her. In short, Mr. Withers may easily live to see an economic state of things which his theories will pronounce to be impossible and incredible and which none the less will be tactless enough to exist.

I am, etc.,
E. MACKAY EDGAR

Basildon House, E.C.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the above letter Sir E. Mackay Edgar ignores the only point in his interview that I questioned, namely his prophecy of a "smash," because in ten years' time America is to consume more than she produces of certain articles. I did not traverse his

other statements or forecasts, but only observed that the process which he predicts will surely be gradual and not cataclysmic, and may be modified by economy and greater production. Sir Edward admits that Americans will economize when they have to. As to raw materials, I still think it unlikely that, given the conditions which he foresees, America will tax their import.

I am, etc.,

HARTLEY WITHERS

IS SAVING A MISTAKE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I reply briefly to the letter on this subject in your current issue?

The causes which your correspondent mentions have all, no doubt contributed to bring about the present depression of trade. But it does not follow that the particular cause to which I referred—"under-consumption," resulting from inequalities in the distribution of wealth—is not also a factor in the case; or that a less unequal distribution of wealth, resulting in a greater demand for commodities, would not be beneficial to industry.

Your correspondent says that it is not more consumption-spending that we need, but less; and that the obvious result of re-distributing wealth, and so increasing consumption, would be the frittering away of our resources. May I point out, in reply, that customers are just as essential to a good state of industry as capital; and that, so far as the home market is concerned, it is want of demand for commodities, rather than want of capital, from which industry seems to be suffering?

"Saving," in the sense of investment, is good for trade, provided that there is a sufficient demand for the additional goods which the additional capital will be used to produce. But wealth lying more or less idle in the banks—or, in other words, unused or slowly used wealth—is, for the time being, wasted: and time is an essential element in the case. Trade would be quickened if wealth of this description were in the hands of those who would spend it on commodities; or if it were used to finance any public schemes of employment which would not reduce the volume of private industry. And the result of expenditure of this kind would not, I submit, be (as your correspondent suggests) to fritter away the national wealth, but to increase it by the employment of otherwise unemployed or half-employed floating capital, fixed capital and labour.

I am, etc.,

ARTHUR FLOYD

Purley

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Hitherto I have been a supporter of capital punishment for murder; now, after the Ilford case, I feel obliged to ask whether capital punishment can be retained in our system. It is not that I question the morality of hanging murderers; it is not that I have any maudlin sympathy with criminals; it is not that I have been converted to any belief in what Henley, in some mordant rhymes on this subject, called the better than human way. It is only that I view with alarm the effect on society. That a murderer should get his deserts is less important than that the community should remain sane. It would seem that the prospect of any interesting murderer, or any interesting brace of murderers, being hanged is too much for public sanity. I do not myself regard adultery as a mitigating incident of murder, nor do I think the perpetration of an addendum to 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters' sufficient reason for sparing the life of an instigator to murder. Possibly because I am the sort of person who in similar circumstances would be murdered, my sympathies in cases of murder are usually with the victim, and it seems to me that there is all the sense in the world in the old appeal, *que messieurs les assassins commencent*. But it is plain that neither the popular Press nor the vile crowds which gather to gloat over murder trials would work themselves up to their recent morbid excitement if it were not that death is the penalty of murder. Not in the interest of the criminals but in that of society I begin to feel that it would be better to abolish capital punishment. Unless, indeed, we can put an end to the manifestations of hysteria, and worse, which accompany trials for murder with the death penalty in view.

For my part, the only rerieve petition I would sign would be one in favour of the man or woman who killed a person in the loathsome throng of sensation seekers hanging about the Courts when a murder trial is in progress. But there are thousands who will sign petitions in favour of any murderer whose crime is accompanied by adultery and made romantic by such journalistic authorities as he who last Sunday discovered the style or spirit

of Aeschylus and Sophocles in the Thompson-Bywaters correspondence. So long as that is true of our people so long must there be a case against the penalty which inspires such sentimental disease in the public mind. We must make the punishment of murder commonplace till our people can bear to have it made appropriate.

I am, etc.,
ARTHUR NORRIS

W.8

DIVORCE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR.—The husband, or wife, who refuses to grant divorce is guilty, from first to last, of whatever consequences follow upon such a refusal. Surely, before there are many more pitiable victims of our present divorce laws, someone powerful enough will come forward and re-adjust the laws of marriage and divorce to suit the requirements of plain common sense.

The husband who demands from an unwilling wife the rights which are his by the laws of marriage, is guilty of the crime of outraging all feelings of decency and morality. The same applies to a woman who holds bound an unwilling husband.

The unwelcome caresses of a husband must have, upon the sensitive minds of some women, the effect of producing a condition of temporary madness; and if she lacks the moral courage to escape from his recurrent attentions, madness is apt to become permanent, in one or more of its many forms, of which suicidal and melancholy madness are the most common. It is not everyone who has the moral courage to face the divorce court, with its charge of misconduct, a charge of which they would never have been guilty had there been any other way of escaping from an unhappy union. The flaw in divorce is that adultery is made the only sufficient reason. There are many other reasons, any one of which should be sufficient if divorce be desired.

There are people whose minds stand still. They are born and live and die, having learned *nothing* and forgotten *nothing*, over whose minds the progress of civilization passes without touching and enlightening. It is they who are the stumbling-block to divorce on the grounds of common sense. It is they who say "Society would be in a state of chaos if greater facilities were granted for divorce." I do not think so. If the marriage contract could be more easily dissolved, the partners in the contract would take much greater pains to give pleasure and satisfaction—to give happiness. If a theatrical manager were certain that he could force the public to attend his theatre, no matter what sort of show he gave them, would he go to all the trouble and expense he does to make his show more attractive and pleasing, if possible, than the show in the theatre across the road? If there were less certainty about the continuity of the marriage contract, the partners in the contract would be more careful in their attention to detail, they would try harder not to offend, they would be more willing to bear and forbear, which would lead each to a better understanding of the other.

We still have the laws that were made by men in a less enlightened period of history and civilization; and until the laws of men are brought into greater conformity with the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, we must expect the "tragedy of love and crime."

I am, etc.,
ROSE MACDONALD

London

AN AUCTION BRIDGE PROBLEM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR.—In your issue of October 28, which I received three days ago, there is most interesting bridge hand. I agree that the calling is not all that it might be. For a start, if Z must needs go back into "no trumps," why not two? The most timid Y would have taken a double out into four clubs, even if he funk'd five. Leaving that on one side, Y, Z have the contract and game in "no trumps" if the cards play as follows:

1	2	3	4	5
A C.6.	D.6.	H.6.	H.8.	S.9.
Y C.K.	D.8.	D.9.	C.2	S.2.
B C.J.	D.2.	D.3.	D.4.	S.4.
Z C.5.	D.A.	D.K.	D.Q.	S.A.
6	7	8	9	
A S.10.	S.Q.	C.A.	C.Q.	Y, Z, 6.
Y S.5.	C.3.	C.4.	C.7.	A, B, 3.
B S.6.	S.7.	H.4.	H.5.	
Z S.K.	S.3.	D.5.	D.7.	

At trick 10, A must lead a heart and Y, Z make ace and queen of hearts and knave of spades for contract and game.

The whole question turns on whether there is enough data to diagnose A's hand. The first three tricks place the clubs and diamonds, but prior to that (i.e., when leading at trick 2), can Z place the queen of spades with A? I think so. Z knows that A's diamonds cannot be anything very much, and certainly not enough to double "no trumps" on unless he had a stop in the other uncalled suit (i.e., spades). Therefore, I think A might be placed with the queen of spades and the question then becomes "how many?"

As there are only two clubs unseen after the first trick, both of which might be placed with A, it is evident, after trick 3,

that A has nine cards, hearts and spades combined. Having arrived so far, one might assume three spades. It would hardly be less as it would mean two uncovered suits in the doubler's hand, which would be unlikely since his best suit (hearts) is not "solid" at the top.

I should be sorry to say that I should have thought this all out if I had been playing the hand, but on seeing the four hands, it seems obvious that Z must force A to take the lead and lead hearts, which can only be done by placing the Queen of spades accurately. Even if A has four spades, he only goes down one trick instead of three.

I am, etc.,
W. STEER

C/o Port Commissioners, Calcutta, India,
Nov. 29

ELEONORA DUSE IN 'CITTA MORTA'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR.—Twenty-five years have passed since I saw Eleonora Duse act in London, but I have never forgotten the impression she made upon me. I was therefore much pleased when I saw that she was to play in d'Annunzio's drama 'Città Morta' on December 6, at the Teatro Costanzi—one representation only. I awaited the rise of the curtain with much impatience. Should I be disappointed after all these years? No sooner, however, had she spoken her first lines than I realized that it was, if anything, a finer Duse than that of twenty-five years ago. The play—the first written by d'Annunzio—is actually a series of lyrical confessions, the lines mostly very beautiful. There is very little action, and the scene is the same throughout, except for the last short act.

Duse gave a study of the blind Anna which was consistently beautiful throughout, and which held one entranced. She was dignified, tender and infinitely pathetic, especially in the scenes with her old nurse, Nutrice, and later with Alessandro, her husband, when she implored to be told the truth. "Dimmi la verità" came from her in degrees of intensity, and in a voice which thrilled one in its varied intonations—imploring, caressing, dominating. But most wonderful of all were her gestures, the subtle play of her expressive, sensitive hands, so sensitive and so plastic that one felt they were indeed eyes to her, and that through them she was able to discover all that would otherwise have been kept secret from her. The scene with Alessandro in which she intimates to him, with gentle self-abnegation, that she knows his secret, and that she believes herself to be only in the way—an encumbrance—was deeply moving, and led up to the final act, when, after her agonized cry on finding the corpse of Bianca Maria by the fountain, she exclaims with an expression of marvellous intuition and conscious revelation "Io vedo!"

Never has she risen to a greater height of artistic power. The years that have passed seem only to have added to her subtle charm, to the magnetic attraction of her expressive and mobile face, and to her dominating personality.

I am, etc.,
NINA JOPLING

AN EARLY ENGLISH SUBJECT PICTURE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR.—Professor Borenius's citation from Walpole about a picture by T. Johnson of Canterbury Cathedral painted in 1661 reminds me that this must be the picture shown me about twelve years ago by Mr. W. D. Caroe, architect to the cathedral. I have mislaid my notes made at the time, but the picture was signed, dated, and inscribed with an account of the subject. That subject was the demolition of imagery in the interior of the church by the Cromwellians. I also seem to remember making out that the painter was employed in making drawings for contemporary topographical work (? Dugdale's "Monasticon"). In any case this was an even more interesting work than the one recently discovered.

I am, etc.,
D. S. MACCOLL

Hertford House

BOORS IN PARLIAMENT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR.—A recent biography of Count Molé by the Marquis de Noailles contains a remarkable forecast of the results which must flow from the class-hatred preached at Limehouse and inculcated by the Labour Press. At an audience with Napoleon in 1806, the Emperor said: "England is prosperous, but the England of our day will not last more than a century." "Her prosperity, Sire," rejoined Molé, "arises from the fact that her institutions are in the hands of an aristocracy which possesses the soil and reverences ancient traditions. If political equality be conceded, if her lower classes begin to envy the social superiority and the privileges which they now respect, there will be an upheaval in that great country far worse than the crisis which France has traversed." (Vol. I, p. 49.)

I am, etc.,
FRANCIS H. SKRINE

147 Victoria Street, S.W.1

Reviews

AN AMAZING MARRIAGE

Madame de Maintenon. By Mme. Saint-René Taillandier. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. Heinemann. 15s. net.

PAUL BOURGET, in his preface, calls Mme. de Maintenon one of the most enigmatic personages of the seventeenth century; and she herself said, "I shall be a riddle to the whole world." Mme. Saint-René Taillandier, in this beautiful example of the noble art of historical portrait painting, has done much to clear up the mystery. But something of a mystery it must always remain. Her career was so extraordinary, her mind so unusual, and her situation so equivocal, that nothing but the fullest documentary information could make it clear. This information both she and the King did everything possible to destroy. Her marriage to Louis XIV, for instance, is never once mentioned in the correspondence of her dear friend, Mme. de Lévigné. As the author tells us, she was a wife without being married; a mother without having any children of her own; the wife of the King, yet not a queen and without a crown. All these positions were false and difficult; and the last raised up countless enemies and detractors—from the Duchess of Orleans to Saint-Simon. M. Bourget, with French audacity, sweeps away the authority of Saint-Simon as of no account. Mme. Taillandier, as beoves the niece of Taine, is more cautious and proceeds with dexterous learning, veiled in exquisite prose, to reconstruct the story of Mme. de Maintenon from the beginning.

That story is wonderful enough. Françoise d'Aubigné, the daughter of an impoverished Huguenot nobleman and a Catholic wife, born in prison, brought up as a Protestant, then converted to Catholicism, and at the age of seventeen married to a helpless cripple, the poet Scarron—that was misfortune enough for a young woman. But soon she was left a penniless widow, and then suddenly her fortune changed. Her discretion and devout life brought her the post of governess to the illegitimate children of the King and Mme. de Montespan. Those same qualities earned her first the respect and then the love of Louis, and made her at the age of forty-eight the wife of the most kingly monarch that ever sat upon a throne. It is more like a story of Eastern romance than of seventeenth-century France, and savours rather of Bagdad than of Versailles.

It was not unnatural, therefore, that contemporaries attributed everything they disliked to the influence of the shadow behind the throne. Mme. Taillandier is, we think, justified when she proves that Mme. de Maintenon's influence over politics was comparatively slight. She hated war, and the King was always at war. Versailles was filled with ostentation and extravagance, and she hated both. But in the sphere of conduct, she became supreme. It was she who achieved the reformation of the King's private life that not all the eloquence and authority of Bossuet and Bourdaloue could accomplish. It was she who attracted the King to her modest room to transact his business, whilst she worked at her tapestry and the grandchildren played near her chair. Domestic felicity, examination of conscience, frequent confession, austerity of conduct, charity to the poor, self-denial, merit, duty, these were what she cherished. But like so many good people she lived, as the author says, "a thousand miles removed from anything like love." The Duke of Maine and the Duchess of Burgundy there were the only weaknesses of her heart. For the King she had an immense fidelity and duty. Whether she was as nearly charming and gracious as the book makes out, we are doubtful. It is a fine study of a remarkable personage. It is admirably translated.

OVERDOING IT

The Soul of Modern Poetry. By R. H. Strachan. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

WE should hardly draw attention to this volume if it did not offer us an opportunity for a mild protest against a practice which is becoming tiresome. The late Lord Coleridge is said to have damped down a project for further celebration of an already much-adulated personage by saying, gently, "Don't you think that dear —— has been praised enough?" In the same spirit, we ask ourselves whether enough attention for the present has not been expended on the interesting versifiers called the Georgian School? We have welcomed many of these writers, and shall continue to regard them with interest, but their admirers begin to make them ridiculous by their unanimous and exclusive flattery. To read the anthologies and the criticisms of the hour, it might well be supposed that no poetry worth the name had ever been written before 1910. Dr. Strachan repeats the parrot-cry. There has never been anything before them to equal Georgians. They, unlike such feeble predecessors as Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning, have "loyally uttered and answered the ancient longing for a more perfect world." Dr. Strachan admires them all. He seems to have pinned his faith implicitly to everything contained in the five volumes of "Georgian Poetry" and to nothing else.

This attitude of adoring approval of the work of very young writers is harmless until it is carried to excess, when it becomes unwholesome. It cannot be good for Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie to be told over and over again that alone among our poets he "shows leading capacity for philosophical insight" (whatever that may mean). It seems useless to assure Mr. George Bernard Shaw (who, however, is not a Georgian) that he has "a ruthlessness that outbids Plato." Mr. Gibson must be puzzled at learning that in his poems the problem of social suffering is solved in "the actual concrete instance." We are sure that it does Mr. Robert Nichols no service to assure him that his poems embody "the undying meaning of the sacrament of nature." And so on, through the whole Georgian clan, since Dr. Strachan has a lollipop for each one of them. The flattery of these youthful poets, repeated on every hand, and tempered by no critical judgment, is becoming ridiculous, and if it is persisted in will lead to a revulsion of taste. There were cakes and ale before Mr. Robert Graves existed, and ginger was hot in the mouth.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LYRICS

English Lyric in the Age of Reason. By Oswald Doughty. O'Connor. 15s. net.

THE reader of this volume is entreated not to "smile contemptuously at Dr. Johnson and the eighteenth century for their lack of poetic vision," and yet the aim of the author does not seem to extend beyond a reproof of the poets of the "Age of Reason," as he calls it, for their absence of emotional expression. Mr. Doughty has read much, and—we may say in parenthesis—quotes too much, but we do not find in his chapters, which read like popular lectures, any intelligent reaction against the conventional criticism which was in vogue all through the nineteenth century. His book has the disadvantage of being composed on the old lines, laid down more than a hundred years ago, by Wordsworth and Hazlitt. The sarcasms of those critics were of great value in their time, but we need something fresher and more vital nowadays, if we are to revive our interest in the classic authors of our language. Mr. Doughty takes the poets one by one, beginning with Addison and closing with what he oddly calls "The Augustan Revival," by which he means Goldsmith and Crabbe. A sort of

appendix deals with Blake, who is difficult to fit into the scheme. Each poet is the subject of a separate essay, biographical as well as critical, with copious quotation. Mr. Doughty does not add much, if anything, to our knowledge, and ignores the recent authorities without successfully superseding them. To compare his laborious essays with the treatment of the same material by Austin Dobson or Professor Oliver Elton is to contrast perfunctory writing with what is vigilant and living.

It is unlucky for Mr. Doughty that he has been immediately preceded by Mr. Iolo Williams's 'Byways Round Helicon,' a book which treats the lyrical poetry of the same period from a precisely contrary point of view. Mr. Doughty's object is to show that poetry was "disastrously impoverished" by the Augustan reaction, while Mr. Williams's is to prove how much that is of emotional value and aesthetic beauty is to be recovered, even from the minor lyrists. We do not need to be told for the hundredth time that Shenstone was artificial and spurious; what we do want to be reminded of is the occasional tenderness and music of his best experiments. There is all the difference in the world between a repetition of old blame and a revelation of new promise. We would not be thought to suggest that Mr. Doughty gives nothing but blame. On the contrary, he admits a good deal of merit in some of his poets, and can applaud their beauties. But he does it without freshness, and without placing them in a new angle of vision. He is most happy when retelling a literary anecdote and illustrating it with abundant citations, as in the cases of the Batheaston Vase and the Florentine poetasters. We are unable, however, to follow him in seeing the slightest relation between the balderdash of Anna Seward and Shelley's mature poetry.

We confess that we have been disappointed in Mr. Doughty's treatment of his interesting theme, but we would not seem unconscious of his industry. In penetration and sympathy he has much to learn, but readers who have no other guide may rely on the material accuracy of his narrative.

TWO EDWARD LINCOLNS

The Life and Letters of Edward Lee Hicks, Bishop of Lincoln, 1910 to 1919. By H. J. Fowler. Christophers. 10s. 6d. net.

"I NEED not say—for you know it better than I do—that the succession to Dr. King is in many ways a peculiarly arduous and responsible duty." Thus wrote Mr. Asquith to Edward Hicks in offering the Bishopric of Lincoln to him at the age of sixty-seven.

The contrast between these two Edwards was not so great as some people imagined. There was much of that genius for sympathy and love which characterized the saintly Bishop King to be found in his successor. Both had a great sense of humour, both were devoted to pastoral work. The difference was, perhaps, in their scholarship and in their political views. Edward King said, when Gladstone offered him the Bishopric, "Here am I, academically nothing, and I have voted against him all my life." Dr. Hicks, on the other hand, was a Liberal to the finger tips and a student of the highest order. But this common tie of devotion to the souls of the people, coupled with this radiant humility and love, conquered all hearts in both of these fathers in God. In the case of Dr. Hicks, success was the more wonderful of the two. Charity can overcome suspicions of ritualism more easily than it can live down political differences. That the Lincolnshire squires learnt to admire Hicks is more surprising than that the extreme Protestants came to welcome "the old gentleman in his dressing gown," whom they had heard was a Romanist in disguise. In reading the Life of Hicks, remarkably well compiled by Mr. Fowler, one ceases to compare him with his predecessor, so deeply impressed does one become with the positive goodness of the man

and his many-sidedness. He seems to have been able to excel in every department. It is very seldom that in one single ecclesiastic we find a man who can do the work of an evangelist, a country parson, a journalist, a political agitator, a schoolmaster, a scholar, and be a pattern father in his own home at the same time. Yet this and even more was Edward Hicks. The secret is in his personal character, combining as it did both devotion and common sense and withal that strong humility which characterizes great men. Though he came late in life to the episcopal office, one cannot but feel glad that he had had so varied an experience. It is always a pity when some student is placed on the Bench before he has known what are the difficulties of a parish priest. Hicks had had all the necessary experiences. He could sympathize with a country clergyman battling with the indifference of the rustic population and with a town parson up against the materialism of the masses. He knew the dullness of the countryside and the spiritual deadness of the slums. He knew too, the disappointments and the disillusionments which dog the footsteps of an enthusiastic reformer. He knew the difference between propounding theology and sociology in a common room and applying them in real life outside. To have maintained his vigour and hopefulness to the end was not the least of his almost miraculous achievements, and we recognize in him one worthy to be placed alongside of St. Hugh, Grossteste and Edward King in the list of the great ones of Lincoln.

SWEETNESS AND BLIGHT

Memories of a Hostess: A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

HENRY JAMES described the hostess of these memoirs, Mrs. Fields, and her publisher husband as "addicted to every hospitality and every benevolence, addicted to the cultivation of talk and wit and to the ingenious multiplication of such ties as could link the upper half of the title-page with the lower." Mr. Fields, as a member of Ticknor and Fields, was a great figure among American publishers, and he was also, from 1861 to 1871, Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His wife, on whose notes and correspondence the book is based, was clearly an excellent hostess; she was also a highly, somewhat self-consciously cultivated woman, saved from the preciosity to which she was always tending by nothing but her sense of the ridiculous, which was keen. They knew well and entertained frequently the chief American authors of the period, Whitman excepted, and also some distinguished visitors from Europe, notably Charles Dickens. The book, therefore, put together by a capable and word-sparing hand, ought to have had a greater value than in fact can be attributed to it. It is commendably concise, easy to read, quite interesting, especially to those who are curious about Dickens in America, but leaves one with a sensation of having been nicely balanced between the excessively exquisite and the provincial.

We get the provinciality in such a remark as that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, after visiting one Forceythe Willson, "author of a noble poem, 'The Old Sergeant,'" and finding him a little too uplifted in the service of Apollo. He was unable, says Holmes, to understand that in society "the eagle's wings should sometimes be kept down." The over-refinement may be found on almost any page. But there is some good matter in the book. Holmes himself, often amusing, becomes acute in a comparison of Thackeray and Hawthorne, as men. "Thackeray had sharp corners in him, something which led you to see he could turn round short upon you some day, although sadness was an impressive element in his character—perhaps a sadness belonging to genius. Hawthorne's sadness was a part of his genius—tenderness and sadness." We may juxtapose Hawthorne's own comparison of himself in sad moods to the drunken sailor who said he felt "Pretty damned miserable, thank God." The

tribute to Hawthorne's character, written by his widow immediately after his death, and now first published in this book, is an extraordinary human document. Bret Harte appears, so does Longfellow, the latter most acceptably with a story of his pious visitor who was "fed by the Lord." In what way, inquired Longfellow. "He leaves pies and peanuts on the sidewalks." Of the Dickens relics treasured by Mrs. Fields we most esteem his recipes for compounding various cups, which are perfectly serious and not in the style of Douglas Jerrold's formula for hot brandy and water, "do not extenuate the brandy, and as for the water, put in none in malice." But in spite of these things we are left with a feeling of having been in a society neither subtle enough nor crude enough for the production of great literature.

IMPORTED RUBBISH

The Print of my Remembrance. By Augustus Thomas. Scribner's.
My Years on the Stage. By John Drew. Dutton.
\$5.00.

IT might be thought that there is rubbish enough published in this country without American help. Of these two books the first, as to the price of which we have no information, is three inches thick, contains 477 pages and weighs 2 lb. The dust-cover tells us that Mr. Thomas is "a great playwright who began his career working on a railroad." We do not doubt the railroad, but beg leave to question the greatness of the playwright. An appendix gives the names of sixty-one plays by Mr. Thomas, produced between 1875 and 1921, of none of which have we ever heard. The book is crammed with commonplace descriptions of commonplace people with whom it is unlikely that the English reader will desire acquaintance. The style of the writer attains at best to a flat banality. When he would become poetic he uses such phrases as the "nostril-dilating odours of the fields." Or he will tell us that a man named Cavanagh "drank whisky with a nervous toss and considerable display of teeth under his wet moustache and then thoughtfully went 'Ha' with a sandpaper exhaust." America, we think, might keep her Cavanaghs to herself.

Few readers on this side will want to pay a sovereign for Mr. Drew's tittle-tattle concerning himself, father, mother, uncle, aunt, grandfather, grandmother, Charles Frohman and Augustin Daly. The book has twenty-seven portraits of the author at the ages of approximately six and nine, before he went on the stage, at his first appearance, with and without mutton-chop whiskers, playing polo and so on. There is also a picture of his house.

SHAKESPEARE'S SCHOOLBOY UP TO DATE

The Charm of Teaching Children. By William Robb. Gay and Hancock. 5s. net.

UNLIKE Matthew Arnold, Mr. Robb, though a school inspector, is not a man of melancholy. He is, on the contrary, inclined to augur great things for the future of primary education, his hopes being in the main based upon the record of achievement already provided by the past half century or thereabouts. He is far from claiming that those fifty years have accomplished the miracles which reactionaries inconsistently demand. But we think there is no gainsaying his contention that few elementary scholars now regard either lessons or teachers with aversion, while most elementary masters and mistresses take a positive interest alike in their work and their pupils. The spirits of the latter-day primary *alumnus* are certainly still at their highest on his exit from school. But most of us can testify that, Shakespeare notwithstanding, he is neither sad nor silent on his way thither. Here is a revolution indeed, and we can only realize its importance by calling to mind the things which we have heard with our

ears, and still more those which our fathers have told us, concerning former relations between teachers and taught. The pioneers in rudimentary instruction had no doubt the advantage of embarking upon what was practically a fresh venture, unhampered to any great extent by tradition. Those innovators who about the same date launched an enterprise for the better education of middle and upper-class girls, may be similarly said to have started more or less with a free hand. And no one can accuse the High School girl in general of disliking her class work or regarding her class mistresses as natural enemies. An atmosphere of that sort has perhaps as yet scarcely been created in boys' Public and Grammar Schools. Possibly the conservative male mind does not even consider such a state of things favourable to the formation of character. But this is a controversial question which would lead us too far from Mr. William Robb and his theme.

OLD AND NEW LITHUANIA

Lithuania: Past and Present. By E. J. Harrison. Fisher Unwin. 16s. net.

FORMERLY British Vice-Consul at Vilna and Kovno, Mr. Harrison has an intimate acquaintance with the country he describes in this book, which is the first work in English, we believe, that gives an account of this still little-known land. Two years ago, however, Lithuania came prominently before the world for a short time when Vilna, her ancient capital, was left from her by the Poles, who continue to occupy it notwithstanding the efforts of the League of Nations to get them out of it, and despite their poor title to its possession. Of the series of strange events that led up and included the capture of the city by Zeligovski, Mr. Harrison was largely an eye-witness, and in his narrative he lets everybody know that his sympathies in this matter do not go out to Poland, whom, indeed, he regards as a brutal aggressor taking advantage of Lithuania's relative weakness. Mr. Harrison is rather too keen a partisan. Lithuania has a good case, but it is not made stronger by the use of excessive language. In his criticisms of the Allies regarding their actions towards Lithuania, he somewhat forgets that but for the Allies there would be no free Lithuania in existence today, and that, during that part of the Great War when the Germans occupied her territory and looked like being victorious in the struggle, Lithuania was apparently well content to become a State within the German Empire, though under a prince who was a descendant of her own ancient sovereigns.

Lithuania is not a new State in the sense that her neighbours Latvia and Estonia are new States. Like Poland, with whom her destinies were so long entwined, she has been "resurrected" as an outcome of the war. The Lithuanians are one of the oldest races in Europe and their language is closely allied to Sanscrit. In the beginning of the fifteenth century Lithuania was the most formidable Power in Northern and Central Europe; her boundaries were the Baltic and the Black Sea. Under Vytautas, the greatest of her Grand Dukes, she won at Grunewald in 1410 one of the decisive battles of these times. Yet his reign saw the introduction of that Polish influence to which patriotic Lithuanians ascribe the subsequent decline of their country as well as their present difficulties. Mr. Harrison writes very interestingly of the early period in the history of Lithuania, of her rise and decadence, and of her absorption by Russia. He treats even more interestingly of her renascence, both literary and political, while still under the Russian yoke. His account of her attainment of independence in 1919-20 is vivid and sometimes thrilling. He presents a great deal of information which will be fresh to most people of Lithuania's economic progress, of the types and character of her population, and of her literature and art. Taken altogether, his book is a good book, but we cannot help thinking that it would be better if in some parts it was not propagandist.

New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

The Mayflower. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Translated from the Spanish by Arthur Livingston. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

Hidden Lives. By Leonora Eyles. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

THE old man who, in Lewis Carroll's poem, instructed his grandson how to be a poet, insisted that there were epithets which suited with any word: Of these, " wild," " lonely," " weary," " strange,"

Are much to be preferred.

If the subject of instruction had been criticism instead of poetry, the words would have been a little different, but the principle the same. I once overheard an aged editor teaching a young and enthusiastic reviewer his craft: he laid down two rules, and two only. " Never call a book powerful," he said: and " Never call a book subtle." " But," said the reviewer, " what shall I do if I get a book that is powerful or subtle? " " You won't," said the editor.

But he was wrong. Power and subtlety are not very rare qualities: glimpses of them are often discernible even in bad books. What is rare is the combination of moral and intellectual gifts—of the patience, the enthusiasm, the proportion, the taste, the imagination—necessary to the fashioning of a book's specific excellence. It is with novels as with people: almost all of them have particular goodnesses, but very few of them are particularly good.

" Powerful " is the quite inescapable word for both 'Hidden Lives' and 'The Mayflower,' and nobody would dream of calling either of them subtle. But the contrast they provide is of extraordinary interest to anyone who studies the craftsmanship of letters. ' The Mayflower,' in spite of an intolerable archness, for which I incline, perhaps unfairly, to blame the translator, will do its author's reputation in this country better service than did 'The Enemies of Women.' Though certainly not a masterpiece, it is the work of a hand accustomed to the masterful treatment of material: it has rhythm, construction, imaginative significance: it gives to ugly incidents the beauty of form: it comes full-circle to its conclusion. ' Hidden Lives,' dealing, and dealing not unworthily, with a much larger theme, and vibrating throughout with its author's really magnificently sincerity, yet fails as a novel, because it lacks aesthetic unity. Each single incident is honestly observed and vividly described, but remains an incident—is never caught up into that ampler ether where the characters of fiction come alive and their sorrows matter to us as much as those of our neighbours. Miss Eyles would perhaps retort that the whole purpose of her book is to remind us who are our neighbours: her terrors get their effect, not from any sympathy we may feel with the victims of them in her pages, but from their appalling resemblance to the terrors of ordinary social experience. In face of these unforgettable studies of poverty, drunkenness, ignorance, filth and vice, it would be ludicrous to question the author's literary capacity. She can write. But there is nothing here to show that she can write a novel.

' The Mayflower ' deals with Valencian fisher-folk, who have, apparently, the happy gift of living as it were outward, like animals: of throwing themselves direct, and without the hindrance of memory or introspection, into the emotion of the moment. We know that " bright and fierce and fickle is the South": such is the conventional Northern judgment: but it is much too narrow to fit the picture. The distinguishing mark of ' The Mayflower 's hero is not his fickleness, but his fidelity. His wife, however, is fickle: hence the tragedy. The story begins with a storm and ends with a storm; the two brothers who are orphaned in the first chapter go down together, one stabbed by the other, in the last; one of them has seduced the other's wife. The dull, faithful, respectable husband of the beautiful

wife—the dashing scapegrace of a brother who comes between them!—it all sounds hackneyed enough: but it is here re-told with so much truculence and humour, the rough, coarse, angry life is so easily conjured up, that it becomes new. And, to the chilled and controlled habit of the Northern mind, there is something attractive and exciting in passions which urgently break out in speech and act, seeming, like a child's, to be less dreadful because of their very violence, to be less tyrannic because of the very completeness with which they sweep the sufferer's consciousness, to be less spiritually poisonous because they are matched and measured with the solid external world.

Possibly this generalization, inadequate and misleading as it doubtless would prove to be—like all generalizations—if it were pressed too far, is made more acceptable by the contrast with ' Hidden Lives,' which bears even in its title the menace of the subconscious. Miss Eyles deals as painfully with the horrors of nervous disease and mental aberration as with the smells and contagions of the slums; she would appear to have studied both subjects with the same courageous directness and thoroughness. Her plot is of the kind which used to be called " daring "; but nobody could suspect her of having been driven to it by anything short of a high moral enthusiasm. Her heroine is a woman-doctor, full of schemes for the social regeneration of mankind by the application of common sense and scientific knowledge. She is the one character in the book who is accorded objective existence, the rest being frankly types devised to permit the enforcement of a lesson; and even she so often forgets to be human, and becomes merely typical, that the calamities which assail her impress us rather than move us. She is alert, radiant, self-confident, slightly impatient, slightly supercilious—active, wholesome, " modern "; and she falls in love with an ascetic priest who regards his love for her as a temptation of the flesh and the devil. There is a hideous study, pathological rather than artistic, of the priest's mental decay: his asceticism, we are given to understand, is morbid in origin, being the forerunner of a general collapse: the nature of that collapse will be anticipated by those who remember the last act of Ibsen's ' Ghosts.' It is characteristic of Miss Eyles's method that she gives his dreams with the fullness that would be required by a professional psycho-analyst undertaking the " case," and yet with an eloquence that might almost be called poetical. The woman-doctor, being convinced that the asceticism is merely a false morality which can be traced to repressions and overcome by experience (she does not guess the true nature of the malady), makes love to the priest. All her cool wisdom deserts her in the agony of her passion. Disaster follows disaster. She has an illegitimate child, and loses in consequence her social position. A rest-house for the poor, into which she has put all her savings, is burnt down. Her child is murdered.

The mere capitulation sounds almost absurd, nor would sincerity be enough to redeem the story from absurdity, if sincerity were all. The best tribute to Miss Eyles's literary power is that each blow, as it falls, seems the inevitable outcome of what has gone before. And there is no sentimental attempt to represent the heroine as the blameless victim of unmerited misfortunes. She has to face the fact of her own mistakes, to own how much they have contributed to her sufferings, and to resolve, even so, to turn those sufferings to the good: as each personal prop, each mortal stay, is broken, the lesson is driven in and in, that the spirit utterly dedicated to human service must be exempt from the solicitation of human pleasures, and must learn from loneliness the strength to be alone.

A ghastly, startling, haunting book, full of deliberate and explicit statement about those evils in life which are most generally left unstated: full of protest, too, and judgment, which may for those who judge differently mar the effect of the whole: but rich, beyond question, in literary merit and spiritual exaltation.

Competitions

PUBLISHERS' PRIZES

For the Acrostic and Chess Competitions there are weekly prizes:—In each case a Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES.

1.—The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page in our first issue of each month.

2.—The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are equally correct, or of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication in the case of Acrostics, and the Tuesday following publication in the case of Chess.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 43.

- Obeyed a call—now willing to be feed.
- Peruvian port—its call you must not heed.
- Land of the fjord and fjeld and foaming force.*
- Bad bird, embarked upon a downward course!
- The vulture, with my aid, can carry on.
- There's more than one I counsel you to con.
- Its earl was famed in good Queen Bess's reign.
- Recess: that he's superfluous is plain.
- To Rome and all her subject lands a curse.
- A name immortalized in glowing verse.
- Answered the drawer thus his patron's call.
- An aromatic fruit well known to all.
- Though dull, I'm named from one reputed wise.

IN LONDON'S HEART THESE NOBLE BUILDINGS RISE.

*So a waterfall or "foss" is called in the North of England.

ACROSTIC No. 41.—The winner is Lady Suffield, 55 Lowndes Square, S.W.1, who has selected as her prize 'As You See It,' by "V.," published by Methuen and reviewed in our columns on December 16 under the title of "As We See It." Four other solvers named this book, 24 selected 'The Enchanted April,' 10 'Mr. Evans,' 8 'British Colonial Policy in the Twentieth Century,' 6 'Studies in Psycho-Analysis,' while no fewer than thirteen other books were named by one or more of the other competitors.

Correct solutions were also received from Dolmar, Zaggie, Miss Chamier, Chump, Zyk, and Lilian.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Brum, Nether, Quagga, Sol, Varach, Lady Yorke, C. J. Warden, Ren, Trike, R. H. Keate, Shorne Hill, Doric, Taffy, Victim, Merton, Gay, and Sylvia Groves.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—J. Sutton, Carlton, Miss Kelly, C. H. Burton, Spican, Mrs. Henley, Monk Hill, Rev. A. H. Mann, Ex Indis, Old Mancunian, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. R. Yarrow, J. Chambers, John Lennie, Verdant, L. H. Hughes, H. C. P., Paleface, E. L. Taylor, Stucco, B. Alder, C. E. Jones, G. E. Crawford, Shorwell, Nonnes Preeste, Mrs. Fardell, R. C. Raine, Lt.-Col. Morcom, and Barberry. All others more.

Lights 2, 3, 6, 9, and 11 were the stumbling-blocks. "A ribbon" might be a good answer to Light 2, but Ribbon is not as good as Renown. Light 3 was a catch. "Oppressed by numbers" is a familiar hemistich. The Honeysuckle emits its fragrance chiefly in the evening, to attract the long-trunked moths by which it is fertilized. Sardonic, Sarcastic, and Stoic are not good answers to Light 15.

LIGHT 14.—As Sannox and Nether point out, this should read "Last of the Tribunes," not "Last of the Romans."

ACROSTIC No. 40.—Correct: Peppy. One Light wrong: Oakapple.

No. 39.—One Light wrong: H. Reeves.

PALEFACE.—"Murder" was used in the general sense of killing, not in the technical sense of "homicide with malice aforethought." I take it that what is said of Ishmael in Gen. xvi, 12, is intended to apply to his descendants. See Gen. xxv, 18, where, *after Ishmael's death*, we read: "He abode in the presence of all his brethren." Does not "their hand shall be against every man" mean that they shall be constantly at war with all their neighbours? And does not warfare imply killing? The phrase "at war with society" may of course be used metaphorically, but if it be used literally, then it implies readiness to use lethal weapons, as Nihilists, Anarchists, and their like have used them.

BAITHO.—I cannot admit that "Inebriation" is a good answer to Light 2 of No. 39 because the Psalmist says that sailors in a storm stagger like a drunken man. As regards Light 7, please see my answer to "Paleface." Light 2 of No. 41: Surely you do not mean that Renown is *always* a sufficient reward for the brave? If a poor man saved my life at the risk of his own, would not he deserve a substantial material reward? See also my note above. You need not hesitate to discuss any point with me.

MISS CHAMIER.—According to my authority the military and religious order of the Assassins was founded by Hassan-ben-Sabbah about the year 1090. Ismael does not appear to have been their father in any sense. Did he not live many centuries earlier?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 41.

HOW STRANGE HIS FATE, WHO, IN INTESTINE STRIFE,
FOR AN IDEAL FLUNG AWAY HIS LIFE!

- To Numa's laws this nymph her sanction gave.
- Reward enough, some fancy, for the brave.
- Joy you must banish, or 'twill serve us not.
- At breakfast he may greet you, smoking hot,
- A dainty morsel, *minus* head and tail.
- By these oppressed, can bravery avail?
- Our optic organs 'tis designed to shield.
- Slow-witted, boorish tiller of the field!
- When evening comes, its fragrance far is shed.
- A hollow tube curtal now and behead.
- Eastward of Berne this little townlet lies.
- A fish the humble housewife often fries.
- Short-lived indeed—its little day soon done.
- "Last of the Romans" was the name he won.
- Too surly, sour, and cross to share our fun.

Solution of Acrostic No. 41.

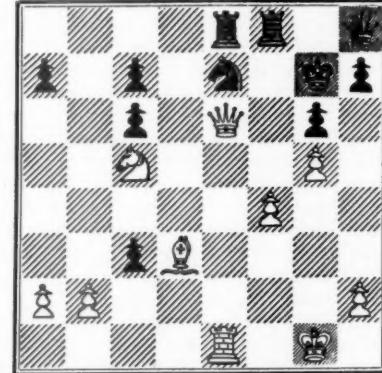
E	geri	A	H	oneyuckles	E
R	enow	N	pI	Pe	
S		Idelight	L	angna	U
K	ippe	R	D	a	B
tI	tb	It	E	phemera	L
N	umber	S	R	ienz	I
E	yelas	H	S	plene	C
C	lodhoppe	R			

CHESS

GAME No. 8.

SCOTCH GAME.

WHITE :	BLACK :		
Tschigorin.	Schiffers.	12. R × B	P × Kt
1. P — K4	P — K4	13. Q — K2	Q — B3
2. Kt — KB3	Kt — QB3	14. Kt — Q2	P — Q4
3. P — Q4	P × P	15. B — Q3	B — K3
4. Kt × P	B — B4	16. R — KB1	P — Kt8
5. B — K3	Q — B3	17. Kt — Kt3	Castles KR
6. P — QB3	K — Kt — K2	18. P — K — Kt4	QR — K1
7. B — B4	P — Q3	19. Kt — B5	P — Q5
8. P — B4	Q — Kt3	20. P — P — Kt5	Q — R1
9. Castles	Q × KP	21. R × B	P × R
10. R — K1	Q — Kt3	22. Q × P — ch	K — Kt2
11. Kt × Kt	B — B ch	23. R — K1	P × P



The usual Weekly Book Prize is offered for the best answer to the question, How does White win?

GAME No. 7.

White wins thus:—

29. Q × P ch.
30. P — B6 dis. ch.
31. B — R7 ch.
32. R — R3 ch.
33. R — Kt6 mate.

This is the shortest and neatest way.

If Black plays 25. R × P, 26. B — B4 wins the Queen; and if Black plays 26. Q × B, 27. Q — R6 wins.

The winner of the Competition is Mr. Kenneth F. Mills, 1 York Mansions, Earl's Court Road, S.W.5, who has selected as his prize 'The Enchanted April,' by the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden,' published by Macmillan, and reviewed in our columns on December 16 under the heading 'New Fiction.'

A correct reply was also received from Mr. B. Goulding Brown.

R. H. Ross.—Your prize should have been sent to you. Inquiries shall be made at once.

J. I. CRAIG, C. J. COLE AND HUGH ANDERSON.—You have omitted to answer the main question: "How does White win?"

Education Notes

EDUCATION, during the greater part of the last century, seems to have been a simple matter, presenting no anxious moments to parents. Boys were sent to the Public School their fathers had attended, or, if they were less wealthy, to the Grammar School, or Private Academy for young gentlemen. For girls the question was even simpler—on leaving the nursery they were put in charge of a governess, that wonderful being who was supposed to be able to impart knowledge on all English subjects, to speak fluent French and German and a little Italian, and to teach music and drawing, and perhaps some drilling! Jane Eyre indeed, in the advertisement which obtained for her the post of governess in Mr. Rochester's household, did not claim so great a range of subjects. She merely stated that she was "qualified to teach the usual branches of a good English education, together with French, drawing and music," but the reader is informed that in those days "this now narrow catalogue of accomplishments would have been held tolerably comprehensive" and we know that Jane herself had assured the kind maid, Bessie, who had befriended her in her childhood, that she could play the piano, paint landscapes in water colour, and work on muslin and canvas!

The life story of the private governess of the nineteenth century has become a classic under the genius of Charlotte Brontë, who had herself experienced both the satisfactions and difficulties of the post—but to-day the private governess is almost extinct. The advantages of the many posts now open to women, both as regards salary and greater continuity of service, have lured women from what was at one time the only opportunity of earning money.

It is therefore the problem of the school which now faces parents who have to consider living in London or Edinburgh, or near some large centre, in order that their little girls may attend some daily school. But the *perfect* school is not so very easy to find—for the methods of the Preparatory or Kindergarten School vary with the mood of the educational hour—and every new theory is practised upon the child of six or seven years old. The last few years have concentrated upon "ease" in learning—knowledge was to drift into a child's mind like a snowflake on a leaf. No conscious effort was to be put out, school was to be the happiest of places where nothing was asked which required struggle—everything was to be a game. Of course the games are said to have a subtle motive—to be building up observation, neatness, training eye and hand, and developing the brain in a logical way.

But parents are apt to complain that after some years at school their child of eight or nine still reads with difficulty, and that ten guineas a term is an expensive item in the family budget for little Joan to learn to make paper boxes, plaster models, and to play Snap in French! No one, of course, expects the youthful brain to absorb learning in the way our Tudor ancestors did—when boys, having already learnt to read English, were expected to begin Greek at seven years old, or to resemble John Stuart Mill, who is said to have mastered the Greek alphabet at three, and to have read many Greek books by the time most small boys are struggling with English!

One cannot help feeling that something is wrong with the modern method. Educational faddists, with the help of some doctors, have combined to make it extremely difficult for any principal of a school to draw up a time table which will ensure sufficient time for games, physical exercises, and rest—and yet leave any adequate amount for genuine instruction in the many subjects which require attention. It seems about time that we should realize that a child is not going to develop brain fever if it is asked actually to "learn" something, and thus to build those foundations without which no higher education can safely be erected.

A First Glance at New Books

VERSE

Life and Colour Series. 7 x 4*½*. Cape: 2s. 6d. net.
No. 15, New Poems. By W. H. Davies. 66 pp.
No. 16, Foliage and Other Poems. By W. H. Davies. 62 pp.
 [Two small volumes of poems.]

Magic and Other Poems. By Hon. Eleanor Norton. 7*½* x 5. 81 pp. Wilson: 5s. net. [Of the poems in this collection some have already appeared in various periodicals—some 65 in all, both short and longer.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Colonial Policy of William III in America and the West Indies, The. By G. H. Guttridge. 9*½* x 5*½*, viii. 189 pp. Illustrated by maps. Cambridge University Press: 10s. net. [An essay on colonial policy between the years 1689 and 1714, forming the link between the Restoration colonial policy and that of the years just before the Separation.]

Eight Chapters on English Medieval Art. A Study in English Economics. By E. S. Prior. 8*½* x 5*½*, v + 147 pp. Illustrated. Cambridge University Press: 6s. net. [Art-craftsmanship, and its power of recording social and economic history is here set forth from the beginnings in 1080 till late Gothic in 1540.]

Home of Boxing, The. By A. F. Bettinson and B. Bennison. 8*½* x 5*½*, 256 pp. Illustrated. Odhams Press: 2s. net. [The story of boxers and boxing in the last twenty years, illustrated with photographs of the leading exponents of the "noble art."]'

FICTION

Island God Forgot, The. By Chas. B. Stilton and Chas. Beahan. 7*½* x 5, 303 pp. (The First Novel Library.) T. Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.

Life and Character Series. 7*½* x 4. Foulis: 1s. net each. (Paper.)
 (1) **Some Stories of Wit and Humour.** 60 pp.
 (2) **The Old Domestic.** 42 pp.
 (3) **Old Scottish Conviviality.** 54 pp.

Theorists, The. 7*½* x 4*½*. The Unknown Quantity. By H. E. Lynn. 250 pp. Digby Long: 6s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knighthage and Companionage. Illustrated with Armorial Bearings, 1923. 9 x 6, 2,115 pp. Dean: 75s. net. [This work of reference brought up to date.]

Income Tax Handbook. By J. L. Ounsworth. 1923. Revised Edition. 7*½* x 4*½*, ix + 171 pp. Collins: 2s. 6d. net. [Assessments, Allowances, Repayments, Super Tax, Income Tax, Rates of Depreciation.]

Modern French Painters. By Jan Gordon. 10 x 7*½*, xii + 188 pp. Illustrated. The Bodley Head: 21s. net. [The origins and the characteristics of Modern French Painting illustrated and discussed.]

Practical Book of Furnishing the Small House and Apartment. By Edward Stratton Holloway. 9 x 6*½*, 296 pp. Illustrated. Lippincott: 30s. net. [All grades and styles of furnishing discussed, with information and advice on the subject.]

Spoken Word, The. By Louie Bagley. 7*½* x 5, viii + 221 pp. Methuen: 5s. net. [The book is divided into two parts; the first deals with the fundamental principles which govern expression through personality, and the second comprises practical advice as to voice training and expression.]

REPRINTS

Advanced Auction Bridge. By 'Bascule.' New edition. 6*½* x 4*½*, x + 270 pp. Longmans: 7s. 6d. net. [An "up to date" edition.]

Collected Works of W. H. Hudson, The. Limited edition. 9 x 5*½*. 24 Vols. Dent: 24 guineas. [In complete sets only.]

The Crystal Age, 246 pp.

The Purple Land, 366 pp.

Come Day, Go Day. By John L. Carter. 7*½* x 5, 320 pp. John Long. Third Edition.

George Meredith, The Works of. The Mickleham Edition. 7 x 4*½*. Constable: 5s. net each. (Leather, 7s. 6d. net.)
Beauchamp's Career. 631 pp.

A Reading of Earth, and other Poems. 271 pp.
Modern Love, and other Poems. 264 pp.
A Reading of Life and other Poems. 272 pp.

Less Familiar Kipling and Kiplingana. By G. F. Monkshood. 8*½* x 5*½*, 190 pp. Jarrolds: 7s. 6d. net. [New and revised edition.]

The World of Money

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All communications respecting this department should be addressed to The City Editor, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 10, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.2. Telephone: London Wall 5485.

The Business Outlook

A PUZZLING blend of hope and anxiety is still the prevalent feeling concerning the trade outlook among those best qualified to judge, and it was happily experienced last Saturday by the Prime Minister in addressing a deputation of Glasgow unemployed. He said that he had convinced himself that, bad as things are, we had reached the bottom; "unless there is very serious trouble in Europe and I am very much afraid of it—the position is very serious—unless there is very serious trouble in Europe we are going to have a real trade revival." The words "very serious" thus occur three times in a sentence, which apart from this threatening storm cloud that darkens the whole picture, would have been bright with promise of improvement. The Christmas interval has made the European position still more critical by the occurrence of a technical default on the part of Germany in the delivery of timber, which is apparently taken by the French as justification for independent action on their part. It is certainly "very serious"; but after four years of uncertainty and shillyshallying on the part of the Allies and our late enemies there is perhaps some consolation in the prospective change from slow disease and decline into a crisis that will surely at last demand solution of some kind by its very urgency.

TRADE AND TAXATION

Given any sort of solution, apart from the complete wreck of Europe's economic fabric, the signs of trade revival enumerated by Mr. Bonar Law were numerous enough to give plenty of hope for improvement in the New Year. He saw signs of revival everywhere and several members of the deputation which came to urge the claims of the unemployed agreed that "we are going to have distinctly better times." Nevertheless, quite apart from European politics there are plenty of difficulties—such as high taxation and the need for maintaining our credit by balancing the Budget, as to which the Prime Minister repeated his warning that with every effort to cut down expenses, it is going to "take us all our time." He showed that in 1914 local rates, direct charges and Imperial taxation other than income tax contributed 2s. 8.5d. to the cost of every ton of steel, while in 1921 these items put 21s. 1d. on the cost per ton. There was thus an increase of over 18s. per ton in cost, according to figures supplied to the Prime Minister by the chairman of a big steel producing concern, from local and central taxation. Before the war half such an addition to cost would have prevented us from competing anywhere." As it is we are only able to survive such a burden because costs have risen in other countries.

AMERICAN TRADE AND TARIFF

A split among the "Isolationists" in America on the subject of intervention in Europe appears to have been caused by the necessity for taking care of the

farmers' interests. A statement by Senator Borah, quoted by the *Times* Washington correspondent in its issue of December 26, points out that "millions are hungering and dying in Europe for products which are rotting upon our farms"; and the proposed remedy is yet another conference—on the subject of international economic and armaments questions. Surely before America considers what is called "constructive action in Europe" which presumably means lending Europe money wherewith to purchase American goods, it would be sounder business to try a little destructive action at home by knocking a few top bricks off the tariff wall which prevents European goods from coming in and so at the same time prevents American goods from going out.

THE NATIONAL ACCOUNTS

Heavy receipts from Customs and Excise, usual at this time of year, were chiefly responsible for a surplus of £54 millions and £2 million was derived from the sale of National Savings Certificates. Ways and Means Advances were repaid to a net amount of £3 millions, those from the Bank of England being completely effaced, and Treasury Bills are £2 million higher, the Floating Debt being therefore reduced by £2½ millions. The most interesting feature of the week is the clearing off of another £1½ millions of other Debt.

CONTROL IN INDUSTRY

By HARTLEY WITHERS

IT seems likely that on the subject of the claim of the manual workers to an increasing voice in the management of industry, a good deal will be heard in the near future. Claims for higher wages at the expense of profits cannot be urged with much effectiveness at a time when industrial and commercial profits have been in many cases reduced to vanishing point; and since many people seem to be convinced that it is necessary in the interests of mankind to agitate about something, the workers' control side of the industrial problem is likely to be much in evidence.

All the more welcome is a pamphlet on the subject of 'The Engineering Industry and the Crisis of 1922,'* by Dr. Shadwell, well known as the author of 'Industrial Efficiency,' and many other writings in which he has shown close acquaintance with the facts of industrial life, a real sympathy with the hardships and ambitions of the manual workers and unsparing felicity in exposing the fallacies of the quack doctors who propose to cure industry with patent pills that are more than likely to kill it. He begins by pointing out the recent crisis in the engineering industry, brought to a more definite issue than before the question of control or direction or management, whichever term is preferred, in manufacturing works and in all corporate undertakings, and he has provided within the space of sixty-five pages, a very interesting sketch of the rise and progress of the engineering industry, the steps by which its workers have organized themselves, the effects of the war upon the industry, the after-war period and the great lock-out. Engineering enterprise, owing to the pace at which it has made progress, involves special difficulties in the relations of employers and employed. "No other industry is so variable and changeful. It is subject to incessant innovations in existing fields of production; and new fields are continually being opened up. Adaptability to technical change make all the difference between success and failure; and necessarily the most alert and enterprising firms are the quickest to take up new ideas. This is apt to create friction with the skilled craftsmen who dislike and dread

change. They no longer raise the old objection to machinery on principle, but nevertheless they are very conservative. They fear innovations, not without reason; for it is never certain how a change will work out, and advantage has too often been taken of them. It is impossible to acquit employers of the charge." Friction thus arose necessarily from the character of the industry and we find in Dr. Shadwell's historical sketch, that one of the questions raised in 1845 by the Steam Engine and Machine Makers' Society, which afterwards became the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, was the manning of machines by unskilled labour; and that at the end of the last century the agreement which ended in the great dispute of 1897-8, confirmed the right of employers to "select, train and employ those who they considered best adapted to the various operations carried on in their workshops."

When the claim of the workers to an increase of control in industry is put forward, it is highly important to know whether those who make it, wish to secure by its means an improvement in the state of industry as it is at present organized, or whether they mean to use it as a lever for heaving the existing employer and the owner of the capital out of the picture, leaving the workers in control, not only of the management, but of the property which is necessary for carrying on industry. The question is specially relevant to the engineering industry, because, as Dr. Shadwell tells us, during the war the Amalgamated Society of Engineers took to themselves an academic adviser in the person of Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the able and vigorous advocate of Guild Socialism, and of the policy of encroaching on the functions of management that is to lead up to it. Two passages are quoted from Mr. Cole's well-known work of 'Self-Government in Industry,' showing the objects which he and those who agree with him hope to secure by transferring control to the employed. "From Trade Union control in the workshop . . . will follow an extension of Trade Unionism over management. The capitalist will be gradually ousted from his dictatorship in the control of production and with the atrophy of one of his two primary functions will go a shifting in the balance of economic power and a weakening of the wage-system." And again, "the development of Trade Unionism towards the Guilds must therefore take the form, not of the acceptance of joint responsibility for the conduct of industry, but of increasing interference by them in the conduct of industry." Mr. Cole is one of those theorists who have come to the conclusion that the capitalist is a thief and with this conviction dominating his view as to the manner in which industry is to be reconstructed, he is fully entitled and even bound to endeavour to promote what he believes to be reforms which will abolish the private capitalist. Those who take the old-fashioned view that a capitalist is a person who, either himself or through those of whom he is the beneficiary, has placed money at the disposal of enterprise which would otherwise have been dissipated in immediate consumption and is consequently entitled to any reward that the net profits of industry leave at his disposal, are equally entitled and bound to resist proposals which would weaken the efficiency of industry without satisfying those in whose interests they are supposed to be carried out. One of the weak points of Guild Socialism, as hitherto expounded, is the absence of any definite plan by which capital is to be supplied to industry by the State. Guild Socialists scoff at State Socialism and then leave their Guilds at the mercy of the State in the matter of capital supply.

A point that is very effectively made by Dr. Shadwell, is the fact that the unique opportunity afforded by the war of making a start with self-government in workshops was entirely passed over. The war afforded an opportunity to Labour to acquire actual experience of control such as will never happen again. "There was nothing to prevent the Amalgamated Society taking over one of the national shell factories and running it themselves. The Government would have been de-

lighted and the public at large would have given unqualified approval. The conditions were uniquely favourable. Everything would have been found—premises, plant, raw material; and there would have been no risk. The market was absolutely assured; the Society would have had a firm contract at a highly remunerative price—an extravagant price according to the critics of private enterprise who accused the people who did make the shells of profiteering. It would have been a partnership between the Union and the State in complete accord with the principles of Guild Socialism; on a small scale, of course, but invaluable as an experiment, as practice and as an object-lesson. The Amalgamated Society had only to show that it could do better than private employers, whose bad management and incompetence were as loudly denounced as their scandalous treatment of "the workers." Everyone would have applauded its success in the national cause and converts to the new methods would have been made in every quarter; private enterprise would have been discredited by comparison to such an extent that it could never have completely recovered its ascendancy. Yet this plain and obvious experiment in self-government was not even proposed." And quite apart from this exceptional opportunity that the war presented, Dr. Shadwell shows that the engineering workers have, in the hands of their Unions, ample funds for making an experiment with self-controlled workshops if they really have any confidence that industry organized on such lines would be able to live in competition with those of the existing kind. Until they make some such practical effort to prove the uselessness of private employers, and of shareholders, whom it is the fashion to describe as "functionless," advocates of the present system can leave the proofs of its value in the hands of its critics, who admit it by their failure to replace it.

Overseas News

Canada. In a letter to Mr. Bernard Baruch, a Canadian view of the Allied war debt is well put by Mr. T. B. Macaulay, President of the Sun Life Assurance Company, of Canada, who believes that those who now say the advances of the United States were mere loans, would reduce that country "from a splendid participant to a mere money lender, making claims the justice of which the rest of the world does not admit." After pointing out that America required over a year for preparation, during which time the Allies gave to the cause one million lives, he gives full recognition to the invaluable financial assistance rendered in the period by the United States, but asserts that the claim that the United States were only lending while the Allies were giving, is so contrary to all ideas of co-operation and justice, that it will not stand even a moment's investigation. "Were," he bluntly asks, "your dollars worth more than their lives?" Mr. Baruch, who was head of the United States Government Commission which made the advances, has admitted that money borrowed actually for military purposes should be deducted from the debts and this Mr. Macaulay welcomes and hopes that Mr. Baruch's declaration will carry great weight with the American people. He proceeds, however, to make also several pertinent inquiries with regard to money applied to purposes not "strictly military." Included in this category is the food consumed by Britain's civilian population, which food, says Mr. Macaulay, was purchased at inflated prices and sold much below cost, and the proceeds were at once applied to strictly military purposes. "Was it not all, therefore," he asks, "a war expenditure?" With regard to the suggestion that Britain ought to have transported American troops without charge, Mr. Macaulay points out that the vessels were private property and their owners had to be reimbursed, and presents the analogy of the American railways, which were likewise under Government control and which charged for the transit of munitions purchased by the

Allies. If the charge was fair in one case, he argues, so it was in the other. There was, of course, no charge for the naval squadrons that convoyed the transports! With regard to expenditures made before the United States entered into the war, Mr. Macaulay grants that these are in a different category, but even here he has a few cogent remarks to make. "Your advances," he says in the letter above mentioned, "were limited to covering purchases in the United States, which incidentally benefited your own people, practically the only exception being for Russia. No other nation imposed such a restriction. Was this quite in harmony with full co-operation and with the wealth and dignity of your country? If a broader view might wisely have been taken, and the restriction had not been imposed, Britain would not have had to continue to finance the domestic requirements of her Allies, and would to-day owe your Government nothing...." Mr. Macaulay proceeds to drive his argument home. "There is still another point. These moneys did not leave the United States. They were expended in purchases there at war-time prices. An American writer estimates that apart from the wealth which this brought to individuals, the United States Government itself received back in excess profits and other taxes over \$2,000,000,000, reducing the actual advances by that amount. Should this be ignored?" Mr. Macaulay is of the opinion that the amount, if any, which an impartial commission would award as due by Britain would be the over-draft of \$400,000,000, which was covered for the British Government by Messrs. J. P. Morgan on April 6, 1917. Altogether Mr. Macaulay's contribution to the discussion upon the Allied debt to America is refreshingly frank, couched as it is in a language unknown to diplomacy and expressing opinions which must be held, although not aired, by a large number of people in this country as well as the Colonies.

Russia. In the current number of the *Economic Review* is a translation of an interesting article by Herr Paul Scheffer, Moscow Correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Herr Scheffer is writing of the Russian Money Market as it works to-day and his description reveals the presence of the same farcical and tragical elements which we have now come to look for in every phase of Russian life. The "Black Bourse," as it is called, is of recent growth, having come into existence during the summer, and has occupied several stands in Moscow, its tenure having been disturbed by evictions and arrests. At the present time, however, according to Herr Scheffer, "the fact that the Bourse is illegal and the consequent necessity for it to carry on business away from the eyes of the law, has, paradoxically enough, led to its being the most public assembly of its kind in the world," inasmuch as it is held in the open and not within a building. Traffic in foreign currency is illegal, the State Bank having a monopoly of it, but the State Bank only buys and never sells foreign exchange, and its chief customers are the State trusts and the State factories. The Black Bourse is resorted to for the purpose of private commerce, and although worked in a most primitive fashion, Herr Scheffer states that its activities are felt all over Russia. Naturally, there is no legal redress in the case of business disputes, and since very few members of the old banking community are in evidence, one wonders if the Black Bourse has any more foundation than a field for the operations of a few daring speculators. Herr Scheffer however, takes quite a different view and states that while the existence of any relations of the State Bank with the Black Bourse are officially denied, "it is notorious that the measures taken by the State Bank for stabilizing the rouble are put into effect on this Bourse, that day by day the bank counters the effects of speculation by sales and purchases of gold, and that it also does business of a more friendly nature with the Bourse.... Even the State Bank cannot afford to ignore this twilight Bourse business which heralds a

restoration of the right to establish free prices in the open market. Nothing is more interesting in Russia to-day than the way every modern European institution is obliged to pass through this twilight illegality before regular legal recognition is accorded it. The prohibition against the business of the Bourse to-day means little more than that the rate of recovery of the country must not be anticipated." If this hole and corner substitute for private banks is really destined to grow, whilst the growth would certainly mean the gradual establishment of ordinary commerce, until more substantial types of dealers are attracted, a period of feverish speculation and recurrent crises would appear inevitable.

Stock Market Letter

The Stock Exchange, Thursday

SO long as the Stock Exchange can provide excitement for its clients such as it has given, even during the past few days in the shape of Cam and Motors and Venezuelan Oil Concessions, so long is it bound to remain the cynosure of speculative eyes. Everybody hopes that his own oil shares are going to turn out to be a second V.O.C. Proprietors of British Controlled shares lift up their hearts with eager anticipation that this extraordinary rise in the Venezuelan shares shall favourably affect their own property, British Controlled having, of course, a substantial interest in the Venezuelan Company. The former have gone a little better already, and the incident has given a decided fillip to the whole of the oil market; which, truth to tell, badly wanted something to regild its tarnished glories.

For the slump in Mexican Eagles, to say nothing of the fall in Shells, has brought a good deal of real anxiety to many households throughout the kingdom in the year just ending. Shells are good enough to keep as a speculative investment, and in spite of the fact that Paris has been throwing out a good many shares during the past day or two, the market in them presents a firmer appearance than that which is afforded by Mexican Eagles. The truth is that people are rather afraid of the latter, for the price is nearly £10 per share lower than that at which some of the proprietors acquired their holdings. The Mexican Eagle has an enormous field, of course, but recent developments have been none too favourable, and there is a haunting fear of a new issue that hangs over the market. One of these days the company will no doubt strike something sensational in the same way as the V.O.C. has just done, and this throws the glamour over speculation in oil shares much in the same way as the perennial hope of coming across a rich body of ore is responsible for keeping alive interest in a good many mining companies that otherwise, for all that they have done of late years, might just as well have been defunct.

The Cam and Motor sensation, for sensation it certainly is, holds the floor in the Rhodesian market, and even now, in spite of the extraordinary rise which has taken place, speculators are buying the shares, or giving money for the call of them, on the idea that the price is going to 50s.

The big business seems to have drifted away from the Consol market; one hears little nowadays of particularly large lines of stock changing hands. We are told, of course, that the Conversion tap is turned on every now and then, with its reputed order to sell hundreds of thousands every week. But we hear little of substantial lines of stock being placed. We learn this sort of thing, however, from other markets.

There is going to be more than a kettleful of trouble next week over the new Home Railway stocks. In the Stock Exchange Daily Official List there are quoted 104 Preference, 69 Debenture, 60 Ordinary, 45

Guaranteed and 16 Leased lines issues, making 294 altogether. Out of these, about 250 merge into other securities as the clock strikes twelve on Sunday night. Numbers of the popular speculative investment counters will be no more on Tuesday morning, when the House gets back to work. We shall be left with a very skeleton of a Home Railway service, and I decline to attempt any effort of imagination at the way in which we shall be bombarded from all sides with demands, questions, entreaties as to "What do I hold now?" "What is my old stock worth?" "Ought I to sell this, or to buy some more?" From the bread-and-butter point of view, the last question is the most important to us, and without desiring to stray into that path of optimism which too often has proved our undoing in the past on the eve of a New Year, I venture to think that we shall see Home Railway stocks, or what remains of them, in the list of Ordinary and Preferred issues, going quite noticeably better in the near future. I may be wrong, of course, but it seems to me that there is a public ready-made for the market, and the mere fact of having a new set of names to deal in, a new variety of prices, and of dividend levels, will in itself attract a good deal of attention. It would be just the same if the Yankee market were re-established. We should find people rushing in to buy the shares simply because the names seemed new and, therefore, attractive. So will it be, according to my way of reasoning, with Home Railway stocks, and the market, for too long the Cinderella of the Stock Exchange, will be restored in the near future to a prominent place amongst the attractions to those who not only wish to gamble, but also to those who are out for speculative investments in a promising market of the House.

Not to buy to-day with the idea of selling at a profit on Tuesday: not to buy in order to carry-over until the heart grows sick: but for putting money into, as a speculative lock-up, perhaps for a few months, then Rand Mines, Modders, Randfontein and—as a sheer gamble—East Rands, will contribute, I dare to think, towards the realization of one's expression of hope for a prosperous New Year.

JANUS

Money and Exchange

Money came into strong demand as the end of the year approached, and large sums were borrowed from the Bank of England as usual at this season. Up till Wednesday the amount added to Other Securities, as shown in the Bank return, was nearly £10 millions and the borrowing process was still proceeding rapidly. Discount rates were perhaps a shade easier, but the demand for bills was very shy. Rates of exchange showed a little sensitiveness to the new developments in the matter of Reparations and Lausanne.

Review

Recent Economic Developments in Russia. By K. Leites. Edited by Harald Westergaard. Clarendon Press: 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is one of the publications of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and suffers from the fact that it, along with other works compiled under the same auspices, appears to be designed rather for the historian of the future than for the reader of to-day. From internal evidence it seems that most of the sections of the book were written at periods before June, 1920, though part of it appears to cover events up to February, 1921. In view of the pace at which history has made itself in Russia during the last two years a reader who picks up a book purporting to deal

with "Recent Economic Developments" in that country and finds that most of it is more than two years old may naturally feel a certain sense of grievance. The learned professor who acts as Editor states in his preface that the author's method contains in itself a guarantee of the correctness of the picture as he "founded his writing on public documents and has drawn his information from the statistical reports in the official Press of the Soviet Government." Unfortunately one is compelled to feel a certain mistrust of the writer's figures owing to an extraordinary blunder which occurs on p. 12, where he states that on June 2, 1912, the volume of Bank Notes in circulation in Great Britain amounted to £277,300,000 and the Gold Reserve to £378,000,000. Why he should have chosen the figures of June 2, 1912, of Great Britain to compare with those of June, 1914, for those of Russia is not evident, and it need hardly be said that the figures he gives for this country are wildly wrong. Any picture, however, of what happened in Russia during and after the Revolution cannot fail to be interesting. As to the position of the worker under the Soviet Government it is clear from the author's quite dispassionate survey that they were abused like pickpockets, hungry and liable to execution. "The workmen," says the author, "who were either unable or unwilling to understand that conditions had changed, remained quite indifferent even though Lenin called them loafers, criminals and even traitors. But even the threat to deprive them of their rights as citizens failed to move them. The indifference was in no small measure due to the failure of the Soviet Government to organize conditions in such a way as to provide the people with the necessities of life. The workmen no longer went regularly to work, but preferred to spend their time in hunting for food, which was now becoming more and more scarce and more and more expensive. They began to emigrate to the villages or to enlist in the town militias and later on in the Red Army, which from the very first was guaranteed sufficient food and clothing." The strike weapon received short shrift at the hands of the Bolshevik administration, and Mr. Leites records that in their struggle against strikes the Bolsheviks did not shrink from any measures, however severe, not even from executions. And it is instructive to find that "in nationalized undertakings, strikes are a common occurrence. They make up 90 per cent. of all the strikes, the remaining 10 per cent. belonging to the non-nationalized establishments." Perhaps even more striking are the figures of the cost and product of nationalized economic effort. "According to the budget" (apparently for the first half of 1919) "the expenses for the nationalized industries were estimated at 15,439,115,945 roubles, whereas the corresponding revenues from the sale of goods delivered by the nationalized industries were estimated at 1,503,516,945 roubles. In the outcome, however, the revenue appears to have been only 54,564,677 roubles, i.e., 3.50 per cent. of the estimate, whereas the actual expenses proved to be considerably higher than the estimates." It is an amazing picture of inefficiency, chaos, misery and tyranny.

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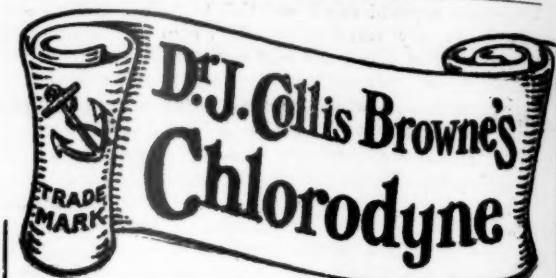
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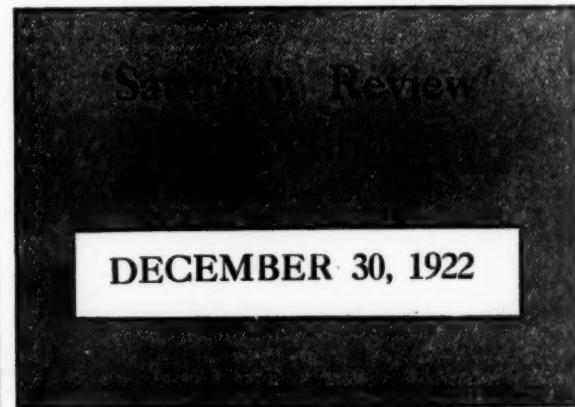
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